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An Impression of America, by Æ, on page 949

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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A Conditioned Reflex

THE ironic minded wickedly refuse to be impressed by the glories of a bill-board civilization and chuckle in their disagreeable way at the impending collapse of the great fabric of advertising upon which magazine literature, like many other industries, is based. What will happen, then, tney say, to the far-flung serials, the double-sized numbers profusely illustrated, the lists of names sold to subscribers as the pure gold of literature, the features that tell the world all the things it never knew it did not know! Newsstands, they say, will shrink to the dimension of a wheel barrow when that time comes, popular fictionists will go back to news butchering or take in washing, the production of short stories will fall from fifth place among our industries to fiftieth; the life of a spruce tree in the North Woods will be indefinitely extended.

It is a picture not without allurement, but it will never be seen in our time. As long as there is competition there will be advertising, and if competition is suppressed by state monopoly, then, as in Russia, the government will become the greatest of advertisers, with consequences impossible to forecast, but not likely to do away with the necessity of making the public read what never would be read without something more readable than advertising in the columns beside it. Such a publication as the Montgomery, Ward Catalogue is said by many to be the one really efficient magazine since there alone is absolute concentration upon the *Ding an sich*, the essence of periodicalism—advertising. But if there were only catalogues, a vicious taste for narrative, article, even poetry would insidiously wreck the simple scheme of giving the public only what the advertisers wish them to get. No—there is still hope, under any system, for the stream of literature meandering through the unwatered plain.

Hope—and hence the need that literature and journalism should do their little best under the raucous eagles of advertising. The ironists have had their say. Writing for inflated circulations has not been entirely without its advantages. It results, as the behaviorists would say, in conditioned reflexes.

The author today writes for a medium whose scope and nature is determined by public interest. Otherwise there would be no advertising and hence no medium. Novelist, dramatist, article writer, poet, whatever he is, he knows that the conditions of his survival are that he shall be read by enough readers to pay for printing him, which costs far more than in easier times; that if he is to receive adequate financial return he must be read by enough readers to justify the advertising in the next column. Even upon the sensitive soul this is a conditioning process which sets up reflexes subtly penetrating the subconscious itself. The modern writer must write for advertising, even if he writes against it.

And note that whatever the disadvantages (and they are many) which this contact with necessity results in, it is sure to make for greater readability. Authors, or at least magazine authors, must now in some degree be popular, must therefore be conditioned for popularity. Writing for larger and larger audiences, they must try harder to be simple, to be lucid, to be interesting; they must cut out (in fiction) the masses of comment and description which weighed down nineteenth century novels; they must escape from the pose of inscrutable wisdom cryptically expressed which was the essayist's bad habit in earlier centuries, they must be familiar when necessary, as readable as possible, interesting always. There is some loss here, but much gain.

Fiction, drama, biography, news writing, all are conditioned in this fashion, and show it increasingly in every book list and magazine file. Only poetry hangs back because you cannot easily condition poetry

(*Continued on page* 946)

A Chippendale Bookcase

MARION GRUBB

I love those days of flowered dresses,
And sheepskin folios with long s's;
Those days of fashion and of taste,
When morals were a sinful waste;
Those days when highwaymen wore laces
And hypocrites learned airs and graces;
When humour on the stage was "low"
And bishoprics were bought with mots;
When there were taverns, tea, po'-chaises,
And ladies lolled in gilded coaches.
When Dodsley kept the Tully's Head—
And Pamela was being read;
When Sophy carolled at the spinet
And wept to lose her precious linnet;
When link-boys lighted bag-wigs bedward
To show the foot-board from the head-board;
When pink coats warmed the dawning day
And whippers-in cried "Stole away."
Those were the days of Good Queen Anne,
Days mad enough for any man. . . .
You love them too? Let me remind you,
They're in that old book-case behind you.

This Week

"The Locomotive God." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*
"The Transition from Aristocracy." Reviewed by *Osbert Burdett.*
"Sunset Gun." Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*
"The Voyage of the Norman D." Reviewed by *Margery Williams Bianco.*
"Mystic Italy." Reviewed by *Tenney Frank.*
"What You Should Know About Health and Disease." Reviewed by *A. G. Keller.*
"In the Beginning." Reviewed by *Leonard Bacon.*
"English, Scottish, and Irish Diaries." Reviewed by *Frank Morley.*
"Destinations." Reviewed by *G. R. Elliott.*
Current Events. By *Charles A. Bennett.*

Next Week or Later

Dooner's. By *T. A. Daly.*

Gospel of Likemindedness

By ARTHUR COLTON

MR. GAMALIEL BRADFORD calls his "Life and I" an "Autobiography of Humanity" on the ground that one man's experience with life is largely every man's experience. He quotes Emerson and Mark Twain to a similar effect: "There is one mind common to all individual men"; they all have the same fundamental traits and impulses, although these develop in different forms and degrees. Voltaire declared that with a little imagination and one's own heart one could understand all humanity, and Sainte-Beuve that it could be done without going out of oneself.

The theory of innate likemindedness branches out in several directions. It is allied with the doctrine of natural equality, which as embodied in political democracies and educational methods was recently excoriated by Mr. Aldous Huxley. It must be consciously involved in some degree in much of our modern work in history and biography, as well as historical and biographical fiction, verse and prose. We are all aware that it is a "yes and no" proposition, that men are both alike and unlike. Mr. Bradford's "Life and I" corresponds in some respects to *my* "Life and I" and in some respects quite as distinctly does not, and hence is not really an authentic "Autobiography of Humanity." He is quite aware of unlikeness. He only insists that the traits in common are fundamental, and the differences matters of degree and form. But what is "fundamental," and what is "degree and form"? We are all of the *species homo*, but the further we go in the way of applied inference, the more perilous becomes the footing.

If there are multitudes who would find Mr. Bradford's "Thought and I," "Christ and I," widely, if not fundamentally, unlike theirs, it would remain that his style of mind and experience is not universal even for his own generation, to say nothing of the shifting panorama of the past. Miss Kingsley, the anthropologist, remarked that, in order to understand the West African negro, you have to learn to "think black." So in order to understand a twelfth century man you have not only to think humanly but to think medievally. It is quite likely that we vary within our species far more widely mentally and spiritually than physically—if measurements of degree were possibly between differences of kind—and far more widely than does any other species. Neither the type nor the experiences in the melancholy Jacques's Seven Ages of Man are universal. Some men write poetry in youth, some go later to the wars and swear remarkably, some in middle age become fat and opinionative, and some lose flesh in the seventies; but few do all those and many do not do any of them. Mr. Bradford's book is not a biography of anyone in the usual sense. It is a description of the reactions of a thoughtful man of today to his experiences with life, love, power, thought, religion, as typical as could perhaps be made. It is lucid, wise, and modern. But I am concerned for the moment with some of the results which flow from making human likemindedness an

THE DELIGHT OF GREAT BOOKS. By JOHN ERSKINE. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.50.
LIFE AND I, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HUMANITY. By GAMALIEL BRADFORD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $3.50.

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article of faith, a guide and governor in one's judgment of men and books.

Restating all psychology in terms of the new, and reading the present back into the past are not the same thing but are mutually involved. They are instructive and unconscious in the unhistorically minded. Greek and Hebrew legendary or quasi-historic characters come to us with mentalities later than their actual or presumable eras; Mallory's Britons have fifteenth century ideas; Shakespeare's Greeks are Elizabethan, and he staged his Hamlet in a ruff and puffed sleeves. But nowadays it seems to be done more consciously. Hamlet is put into modern dress on a theory. It is one of the many currents of contemporary literature, this revivifying antiquity by injecting the modern into it. It is a revolt against erudition and romance. We are "fed up" with historical-mindedness, with a past dehumanized by learning and peopled by buskined ghosts, and how can we humanize it except by giving it the humanity that we know? If you model the man in the street of pre-Christian Rome after the man in the street of twentieth-century New York, you will be nearer to that vanished actuality than if you construct him from documentary erudition, because every man belongs more to humanity than he does to a period. It is the natural method of making dry bones rise and live again. Therefore Professor Murray does well to inject into Euripides his Victorian sentiment; Mr. Bernard Shaw's St. Joan and Cleopatra are of the same generation as his Major Barbara and other feminine examples of ingratiatingly confident youth; Mr. Robinson's Arthurians are as Robinsonian and contemporary as Tennyson's are Tennysonian and Victorian; and that is the first secret of their immediate vitality. Professor Erskine's Helen and Lilith and Guinevere render with almost Shavian cleverness an attitude of mind in which the advancing age is supposed to be differing from its conventional predecessor. His brilliant excursions into fiction lead one to look to his latest volume of literary essays not only for a similar attitude, but for a statement of its theory—and both are there.

* * *

In respect to creative literature and any honest fiction I am all for the practice, whether on a theory or on an unsophisticated assumption. Some humanity is first essential in the imaginative portrayal of any humanity, contemporary or historic, and if you are going to retell the old stories of Helen, or Guinevere, or Joan, if you base them solidly on the humanity you have learned to know by living with it, you will have more historic accuracy than if you attempt to construct it altogether of fragments of misfit knowledge. It is the good old simple method. Professor Erskine's Greeks are no more contemporary than were Chaucer's Trojans to him. They are only more intentionally so. To play Hamlet in modern dress is to do just what the Elizabethans did.

But when it comes to history, or biography, or to the interpretation of great books, delightful but old, the proposition is not quite the same. Modern historians tend to rewrite history in terms of economics, which is illuminating but tempts them to misinterpret the motives of men who thought politically and were innocent of Adam Smith. They might be mainly right about the more fundamental causes of historical phenomena and mainly wrong about the conscious motives of the actors, whose real thoughts seem rather to have been those which they expressed than thoughts borrowed from their descendants and sedulously concealed. Professor Erskine's version of the Gospel of Likemindedness gives his literary criticisms a special slant. He feels that all that part of the old which is not also modern has no present value; that whatever is "dated" is dead; that only within the limits of what generations have in common is there communication and persisting worth. And that has not been altogether my experience with literature. I like men who are unlike me and periods that are unlike mine. I like their unlikeness as much as their likeness. The value to me comes from my going to them rather than standing pat in my own time and rejecting whatever will not come there. Professor Erskine's touchstone leads him to accept Hamlet because Hamlet is very like himself, and reject Othello as out of date because it would no longer be a gentleman's natural assumption that his wife under the circumstances had to be smothered. My emotions in regard to those plays run along quite different lines, and "out of date" does not mean much to me in that connection.

The slant is perhaps in its origin partially pedagogical, born of the problems of teaching literature and of the revolt against great books edited for the classroom with notes that empty them of all delight. Esthetics is hardly teachable at all. The thrilling connection between a poet and his reader is an electric accident. An inspirational teacher is one who has the knack, every now and then, here and there to set off the spark; but he seldom knows when it happens, and to the student in whose vitals the flash explodes it becomes his personal incommunicable miracle. My recollection is that no one ever set the spark off for me, except possibly by reading aloud, nor did I ever expect it. Literature is teachable enough as history, or biography; or as something contemporaneous whether old or new, something familiarly corresponding to every man's experience and communicable to his common sense. The teacher naturally turns for his daily work to the aspects of literature where he can get continuous and tangible results. Professor Erskine's advice is for each to bring to literature nothing but life, that is his own life. As a classroom specific the advice may be stimulating and so far good, but in a literary essay it sounds like advising an American tourist to take nothing to Europe but his Americanism. For reading old books is like travelling to distant countries. "In a great poem or novel," says Professor Erskine, "we should find a reflection of ourselves—we wish to see only our own face." But I do not think that I do, and am unpersuadable that I should, want a gallery of old masters to be a gallery of mirrors. I want to travel backward in time, as well as forward in space, with an adventurous eye for things compact of their own time and place.

* * *

"Life" properly means all experience, and includes all experience with literature. Reading Hamlet, or even notes on Hamlet, is life just as truly as earning a living, or getting married, or hearing the band play in the gardens. But "life" in Professor Erskine's meaning seems to exclude literature, and his theory to be against bringing books to bear on books, whereas my experience is that such a theory is one-sided. Literature has many paths leading into and across it. The paths from books to books are well trodden and pleasurable. "I never met any one," he says, "who was inspired by Boswell's Johnson to read what Johnson wrote." He has met me—frequently I am happy to say—and that is just what it originally did to me, and to many others I have met. More lovers of eighteenth-century literature have perhaps entered by that gate than by any other.

* * *

More specifically, the test is fairly applicable to Chaucer. Chaucer is curiously modern, though the Wife of Bath does not remind me of the modern psychological novel so much as of an older and more objective school. It is the gusto and the vividness that counts. She is a great character. Her Rabelaisian indecency is in character, but it is a minor matter. Shakespeare left it out of Falstaff as well as Dickens out of Mrs. Gamp, to what loss or gain is debatable, but not very profitably. The modern psychological character usually has neither gusto nor vividness. It is true that Mallory's Arthur is more concerned about his knights, his friend Lancelot, and his Round Table than about Guinevere, and that is what would be expected of a medieval king; the medieval outlook was not that of a modern sex novelist. Besides the charm of Mallory lies in the atmosphere, not in the characters. Whether Spenser and Milton are "great modern thinkers," or not, their main values are in the domain of unteachable esthetics. "Byron's personal career is of far less importance than the insight he gives us in our own modern terms into the behavior of men and women." I should have said that Byron's sophomoric psychology —"when he thinks he is a child"—was of even less importance than his career, the importance of which, such as it is, arises from the circumstances that he could write as few and far between of the sons of men can do. He gives us no insight worth mentioning. His era had some likeness to ours in that it fell in the wake of a period of storm and stress, of enthusiasm and catastrophe. The melancholy of Byron and Chateaubriand is "dated." If that is why it seems factitious and shallow compared with the personal melancholy of Johnson and Swift, the reason is in line with Professor Erskine's argument.

In marking a divergence of doctrine one almost forgets to remark the satisfaction there is in reading a critic so lucid in style and at home in his subject, with a point of view so decided, consistent, and supported by a reasoned principle.

A Fate-Stricken Poet

THE LOCOMOTIVE GOD. By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD. New York: The Century Co. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

IT is rather surprising that "The Locomotive God" has not appeared on more lists of the "Ten Best Books of the Year," for it is almost equally interesting as art, as science or pseudo-science, and as autobiography. The story of a widely traveled scholar and poet of Byronic character who ends as a phobiac confined by irrational terror within a mile's circuit of his home is in itself sufficiently moving; the fact that the story is told by the sufferer who strives to analyze his own disease adds a further poignancy; while his alleged recovery of his past from the age of two years and earlier, not through mere memory, but as actual reproduction of the vanished experience by means of an unusual method of psycho-analysis, introduces an element of the marvellous beyond the tale of Trader Horn. Besides all this, let one recall that the writer is William Ellery Leonard, author of possibly the best translations of Empedocles, Lucretius, and Beowulf, also author of what is probably our greatest single poem since the death of William Vaughn Moody, and the extraordinary interest of "The Locomotive God" is evident.

The most obvious and really least important point is the psycho-analytic one. Mr. Leonard sincerely believes that he can trace his phobias back to a childish experience of dread before the onrush of a locomotive identified by the two-year-old with the Avenging Power which he had already learned to know as God. This long-forgotten experience he believes he has now relived down to the minutest details, along with numerous other experiences somewhat later, wherein the *motif* of the Locomotive God recurred in various disguises. Submerged in adolescence and early manhood, this complex seized control of the writer, after the tragic suicide of his wife (the central theme of "Two Lives"), and has never since been long in abeyance.

* * *

What is one to make of this tale? Either that it is literally true—in which case the capacities of psycho-analysis for discovery, though not for cure, are greater even than Freud has ever claimed—or else that Mr. Leonard's powerful imagination has been playing strange tricks with him. Granted that the latter may well be the explanation—and granted further that his imagination is a diseased imagination—the interest of the work is hardly impaired. Granted even that the author's egotism is so overwhelming as to make the conceit of an Upton Sinclair or Frank Harris seem mere childish boasting in comparison, that his book is filled with transparent rationalizations, that his hatred of the scandal-mongers of Madison is disproportionate to their importance in the cosmos—granted all this and more, what of it? Would not one give something for an autobiography of Edgar Allan Poe? The comparison is far from inept, for in both poets there is the same extraordinary combination of obsessions and clear-sightedness.

In all that does not directly concern his own life Mr. Leonard is lucidity itself. His discussion of modern sex-education—the last refuge of sentimentalism masquerading as intelligence—is the most sensible thing that has been written on the subject, aside from the remarks of Dr. Glendening, with whom he is in virtual agreement. Equally cool and sensible are his views of modern universities and modern wars. There is much delightful chat of books in "The Locomotive God," much wise talk of prewar Germany, much beautiful nature description. The book is uneven and is far too long, but its best passages are stylistically well worthy of the author. When all is said, however, it is to Mr. Leonard's personality that one returns, the personality of a fate-stricken poet, who has indeed winced and cried aloud abundantly, who has not disdained the consolations of both self-pity and self-adulation, but who has still remained a poet, his eye undimmed, his heart undulled. The stars still shine in his heaven, the colors are bright on his earth. Thus the book records, after all, a triumph; not a material triumph certainly, for the phobia lingers unvanquished; nor yet a moral triumph, although there is a substantial foundation of heroism beneath the author's posings; but the artistic triumph of one who has lifted his personality to the level of literary interest and has kept it there.

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The England Between

THE TRANSITION FROM ARISTOCRACY. By O. F. Christie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by Osbert Burdett

Author of "Gladstone"

IN four years' time Englishmen will be remembering—it is doubtful how far they will celebrate—the anniversary of the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832. Now that we have no longer illusions upon the value of universal suffrage, that we have learnt how unrepresentative the machinery of popular parliaments can be, the centenary is not likely to arouse vast enthusiasm. Once, however, we turn our eyes from the ballot box to the society into which it was introduced, and consider 1832 not as a great date in political history, but as a convenient date to choose for the beginning of the Victorian era, our interest becomes alert. There seems to be no more popular subject at the moment than the origin, growth, and nature of the Victorian age. Mr. Christie is the latest of its investigators, and it may be said at once that, in almost everything but the title of his book, he is a scholarly and entertaining instructor. Before I submit my criticism, let me however explain briefly the particular merits of this work.

The period chosen by Mr. Christie is that half century between the passage of the two Reform Bills of 1832 and 1867. The first deprived the landed interest, not the aristocracy as a whole, of its private perquisite of political power; the second enfranchised the middle classes. The face of England was changed from an agricultural to an industrial community. The middle-class standard of life, perfectly exemplified in the respectable, capable, but philistine queen, permeated life and letters. Now that its beliefs, particularly the belief in Progress, are out of fashion, its taboos largely overthrown, its ideals of respectability and deportment, of which Gladstone was the popular representative, no longer current, the reaction, crystallized by such a novel as "The Way of All Flesh," has been followed by an eager curiosity. The grandchildren, having escaped from the Victorian obedience, turn back to examine, as a curiosity, those Mr. Dombeys who were such domestic tyrants while they lived and are now as strange to us as they were once alarming. We have had essays and biographies of Victorian worthies written from the point of view of a later day, and our curiosity is unexhausted. It is the merit of Mr. Christie to have found a new method of approach. His subject is the social life of the period he has chosen, and he makes it live by the vivid and apt quotations he has drawn from the most varied sources of information. From a book, the virtue of which is the aptness of the quotations that it uses, quotation is not to be indulged, for the reviewer would seem to be praising the sources and not the skill with which they have been used. Yet such skill is at least as rare, and certainly as useful, as brilliant generalization.

* * *

I do not remember a more balanced picture of England before 1832 than that contained in Mr. Christie's opening chapter. His picture of the splendor of the English nobles, and of the power which accompanied it, is excellently done; so is the often neglected description of the plight of the hangers-on whose careers and pensions vanished with the end of the pocket boroughs. Memoirs, letters, old newspapers and *Punch* cartoons, when ridicule, remember, was still permissible in England, make lively reading. He also does well to remind us that, though the landed interest had ceased to be predominant, the aristocratic standard remained, so that, with all their earnestness and outward decorum, the middle classes made a worship of "their betters." After an analysis of the Whigs and of the strata into which the middle classes were divided, there is a long chapter on the Queen and the Prince Consort, which adds very little to what we already knew, and then an amusing account of the feelings and fears that the railways produced not only in the landlords through whose domains they ran, but also in the hearts of their passengers. The picture concludes with a chapter on the Seriousness of the age, and the dulness but security of the seventies. Instruction and amusement accompany each other, for every important observation is traced to some contemporary source.

The book has a good beginning, a solid middle, but it is not rounded to an end. It merely stops. I have suggested that the title is one weakness, and would support this by proposing a final chapter that Mr. Christie has not written. England is still aristocratic to the core, and the principle has survived because the aristocracy has been wise enough to admit wealth on easy terms into its fold. A hundred years ago the reform of the franchise was in question. Today the theoretic question is the reform of parliament itself. Thus there has been no "transition" from aristocracy: plutocracy has appropriated the spoils. Englishmen have been governed by an oligarchy so long that they have lost political initiative, which is the only democratic test. Parliament, well under control, is their master, not their spokesman, and this, congenial to the English character, which remains a puzzle to all who take our democratic professions seriously, could have provided a useful conclusion to Mr. Christie's book, since it would have explained why there will remain in 1932 so many phases of English life that seemed impossible of survival to the advocates and the enemies of Reform a hundred years ago.

DOROTHY PARKER

New-Moon Madness

SUNSET GUN. By Dorothy Parker. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

IS it as good as "Enough Rope"? Yes. And that might constitute a review, mightn't it. A eulogium, at least. Well, there were, perhaps, one or two gems of purest ray unserene in the former book that surpass anything in this; but there were also one or two sets of verses not up to the general high level. Your microscope may be better than ours when you come to examine "Sunset Gun," but you will have to peer pretty intently to detect flaws.

There is a hackneyed remark made about conversationally clever people (and we are always left at the post, pawing for a rejoinder, when Mrs. Parker chooses to declare herself in a word or two,—or in danger of that old apoplexy of ours),—but they say, you know, about such people, "Oh, if she only wrote as she talks!" The most amazing thing about Dorothy Parker is that she writes precisely as she talks. Well, no, we have never heard her talk in rhyme, exactly. But, leaving that aside—.

This is a book, like the other, that you cannot put into a particular pigeonhole. It is a perfect representation of the author, who is a paradox. A moth-gray cloak of demureness hiding spangled ribaldry, a razor-keen intellect mocking a heart dark with desperation; "Ain't we got fun!" and "Weh! Weh!" rising to the lips at the same instant. And all the time, in spite of her telling you that you'll only find her in step with Trouble or Gloom, there she is off on a rainbow writing down a diamond-hard summary of the situation in a large round hand.

The lads I've met in Cupid's deadlock
Were—shall we say?—born out of wedlock. . .

or

"I wouldn't have him back!"
I hope
Her mother washed her mouth with soap.

or

People Who Do Things exceed my endurance;
God, for a man that solicits insurance!

or

There and there and well and well—
Did he prick his finger!

She can contemplate the fretful porcupine with aplomb and a brilliant dexterity of rhyme, she can epigrammatize with the effectiveness of

A heart in half is chaste, archaic;
But mine resembles a mosaic.

and she can achieve a lustral and beautiful sonnet, as in "Fair Weather." What the devil can you do with such a girl? You can be moved to sympathy by some expression of evident distress, or to admiration for some gallantry of attitude, or to gravity at an occasional tenderness,— and then she flips a last line at you like a little carmine fire-cracker exploding under your nose. And it is all Dorothy Parker.

We shouldn't wonder if this ability completely and idiomatically to present the shimmering paradox of herself were not the secret of the deserved popularity of Mrs. Parker's verse. "Shouldn't wonder"? We know perfectly well it is. Long may she wave!

New Horizons

THE VOYAGE OF THE NORMAN D. By Barbara Newhall Follett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by Margery Williams Bianco

WHEN "The House without Windows," that amazing monument to the intensity of a child's inner life first appeared, one was left wondering just what direction the young author's next adventure would take. "The Voyage of the Norman D." seems at first glance as unlike the story of Eepersip as could well be imagined, but in reading it one recognizes more and more strongly the logical development. In Eepersip the experience took place largely in the mind; here it is in everyday life, but the spirit that made the imaginary adventure real lifts the actual one, in turn, into the region of vision and mystery. The book is the account of a trip taken by the thirteen-year-old author on a lumber schooner bound for Canada, working as cabin-boy, and living the life of the crew. I mention age only because it happens to be mentioned in the preface, since art has in itself nothing to do with years. "The Voyage of the Norman D." is a fine, sustained, and vivid piece of writing that would do credit to a writer of any age, and I very much doubt whether an older mind would have got so much out of the experience or brought nearly so much to the writing of it.

If "The House without Windows" was a dream, this new voyage is a dream come true, and after all the preliminary pros and cons, the trembling in the balance of the momentous question, whether she will be allowed to go or not, it is impossible not to feel as thrilled as young Barbara herself when at last the Norman D. slides out of harbor and sets sail "hull down on the trail of rapture, in the wonder of the sea."

Through the whole story of the voyage, as exciting in the telling as any buccaneer yarn, one finds the same fervor of description, the same untiring joy in living and keen reaction to natural beauty as in the earlier book. So in the new Barbara, a little older, a little more conscious of herself and her own mental responses, there is more than a trace of Eepersip and of Eepersip's extraordinary single-mindedness and almost ruthless determination.

The descriptions of sea and sky and weather, of the movement and life of the ship, are full of the sense of beauty and show an artist's instinct for words. One feels the rare magic of moment and mood, as when, rowing across the harbor at dusk, she looks back at the anchored vessel:

The Norman D. lay there, in the midst of those unstill waters, like a dream, a thought. Ten times lovelier she seemed than ever before. . . . By the magical influence of the dusk she was quivering and unsteady, like a mirage. And soon she was no more than a lovely white shadow—a flicker—a whim of the twilight. Whatever she was or might be, all images of piracy left me at the sight of her, lying calm and innocent in the dusk.

Her impressions of the skipper and the crew are real portraits; there is no fantasy here but a very alert understanding and appreciation of the interplay of character and the finest shades of relationship between one and another. By the end of the trip we know almost exactly, by very subtle touches of observation, just what everyone felt towards everyone else. I regret only one exception, and that is the individual referred to as the author's shipmate. He was there; he seems indispensable, since we

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gather that without his company Barbara herself could not have made the trip. But over his personality, almost over his existence, has been drawn a rigid veil. He remains to the last a creature of mystery. He made the voyage with her, he must have shared in its joys and perils, yet of him, beyond a couple of references, nothing is said. Here again we feel the strong determination of Eepersip cropping through. For if the wily Eepersip, in an unguarded moment, had had a companion thrust upon her, we know just how she would have dealt with the situation. She would have ignored him; have said nothing about him; he would gently yet firmly have ceased, so far as she was concerned, to exist. One cannot help feeling that, had the book a dedication, it might fitly have been to this shadowy, self-effacing hero, otherwise unhonored and unsung.

Lesser Known Rome

MYSTIC ITALY. By MICHAEL I. ROSTOVTZEFF. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by TENNEY FRANK
Johns Hopkins University

IMPERIAL Rome was as much a maelstrom of diverse peoples as modern New York. The society of Hadrian's day had little left to remind one of Cicero's day, in political temper, in art, or in religion. The old Romans, for instance, had cremated their dead; the new, believing in bodily resurrection, inhumed the body with religious care. The cool rationalism of Cicero's essays had given way to the tense mysticism of devout Asiatics. On the new mystery-religions of Mithras, Isis, Cybele, and their fellows many books have been written. Here Rostovtzeff discusses a select group of monuments that pertain not to these popular mystery cults, but to the more aristocratic ones which had already taken on artistic symbolism and philosophic content in their migrations through Greece, the semi-metaphysical cults of Pythagoras, Orpheus, and Dionysus. These early attracted the attention of educated Roman nobles who travelled in decadent Greece, since what was Greek was considered proper. And such cults, accepted here and there by men of wealth, left a pleasing record of themselves in splendidly decorated chapels, houses, and tombs: notably in the frescoes of the Villa Item and the "Homeric" house at Pompeii, and in the attractive stucco reliefs of the "subterranean basilica" and the house of the Farnesina gardens at Rome.

The interpretation of these scenes has been difficult. Many of the best scholars living in Italy have spent years at the task. We are not yet sure of the results. How would we explain the themes of the windows of Chartres if the Bible were lost? Such is the problem. Not many years ago a reference of these illustrations to mystical cults was generally discredited, but the spade obstinately continues to reveal monuments which refuse to be explained otherwise. In his "Mystic Italy" Rostovtzeff has given a fascinating *résumé* of the more plausible explanations in a persuasive historical setting; and though he disclaims having written a "learned monograph" he has given the gist of all that sound learning has discovered and in addition has advanced interpretation by many penetrating suggetions of his own. Yet he has written easily, he has placed the cults in their proper *milieu*, and, as in all his work, he has illumined the environment of his theme. Specialist and amateur will read the book with equal zest.

Not all the hypotheses proposed will hold: the evidence is still fragmentary. There are conservative scholars who would hesitate to risk their fragile little reputations by attempting a book like this. Rostovtzeff does not have to be so wary, and he knows the value of hypotheses for excavators. Furthermore we know how frankly he condemns his own courageous conjectures when they are disproved. It is, however, just as well that the uninitiated should know that the author is a pragmatist among scholars, and that, like James, he likes to try it on to see whether "it works." There is also a stylistic point that the reader needs to remember. Some of the declarative sentences are meant to express hopeful confidence rather than complete conviction. This is merely a habit of style which has survived in certain scholastic centers on the continent from renaissance Latin. When used in English or French it sometimes leads to misunderstanding. However, we prefer Rostovtzeff's broadly based conjectures to many a scholar's demonstrations of "facts." They have a way of leading to fruitful conclusions.

Homus Anglicanus

RACIAL ORIGINS OF ENGLISH CHARACTER. By R. N. BRADLEY. London: Allen & Unwin. 1928.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

WHEN a man tells you that England's most outstanding type of woman is probably the barmaid, what is your first reaction? Is your reaction strengthened or reversed when he goes on to say that this is true because the barmaid "possesses character and individuality in a high degree while at the same time maintaining her independence and her self-respect in most trying circumstances?"

Elsewhere you read that "the Nordic loves neither brains nor intellectualism"; nevertheless "the Nordic is naturally a leader and an officer." Again the "Saxons who are Nordics of a fairly homogeneous character have about them a certain softness which characterizes the Saxon generally; they are genial, kindly, good-natured, somewhat deliberate . . . prone to methodism."

Turning to other races, the "Beaker-man is held to be an intellectualist and the Alpine an industrialist, but it is somewhat difficult to sort them out today." The Alpines tend to become Puritans and the Quakers are their finest expression; they are so clear-cut a type that "you have only to visit *Huntingtonshire today and in certain* districts you will find almost every man a replica of Oliver Cromwell."

Between such sentences as these Mr. Bradley's little book on "Racial Origins of English Character" is full of neat little stories like the one about a very proficient Nordic angler who knew all the rules of fishing and was a champion caster.

> He dealt very lovingly with his trout, and you might almost think they would regard it a privilege to die at his hands. Then one day I saw him kicking and mauling a large fish most unmercifully—it was a chub who had dared to take his fly.

Perhaps this is enough to give some idea of the book. The author apparently believes that Nordics, Alpines, Mediterraneans, and Beaker-men are clear-cut types with definite mental and moral characteristics which can readily be detected in spite of much intermixture. He has presumably heard so much ridicule of Nordic claims that he does not put them forward very strongly although he seems to sympathize with them. He has a positive theory of his own as to their origin and expresses it as follows: "The Nordics, originally Mediterraneans, nomads like Abraham, were originally Bedouins. Despite their admixture with Asiatics, the old speech seems to have survived with them, though giving some difficulty as it spread to unaccustomed lips." The basis of this hypothesis is a supposed Hamitic syntax in Wales and about a hundred English words which seem to have Arabic equivalents. Mr. Bradley writes cleverly and interestingly, but he does not distinguish very clearly between facts and suppositions.

Prophylaxis

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT HEALTH AND DISEASE. By H. W. HAGGARD. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928.

Reviewed by A. G. KELLER
Yale University

IT is natural that such a book as this should, on second thought, have been dressed up to meet popular demand, with a brightly colored cover and a change of title. The book is published for textbook purposes under the title "The Science of Health and Disease." Let no serious minded person be repelled by the genuflexion to the current mode in the title for the trade edition; the contents are the same. And those contents are what they should be.

This reviewer is incompetent to pass upon the accuracy of the medical information conveyed, except as any man who is accustomed to weighing evidence gets a sense of veracity from observation of the mood and methods of an author. But he has no doubt whatever of the essential correctness of the statements made and the positions held. Aside from Dr. Haggard himself, Dr. Yandell Henderson appears as a sort of coadjutor. Both these men are serious scholars; neither of them an ax-grinding enthusiast.

Having said this much concerning extrinsic matters, the present reviewer states, as his settled conviction, that this is the best book to put into the hands of youths of which he has ever known—the best, that is, to serve as a guide in matters of preserving that indispensable instrument of usefulness and happiness, health. It is just the sort of book that one wishes he had had access to as a youth; it is precisely what a father or mother would wish to put into the hands of boys and girls in their teens.

It is not alone the information offered, which is voluminous and selected with rare skill; it is the tone of the book and the grave and confidence-inspiring exposition of matters treated too often with an evasive, a suggestive, or a flippant touch. The chapters on the sex-organs and sex-diseases could not be bettered in the matter of their candor and dignified simplicity. These subjects form a sort of test, for they are not easy to deal with; but the rest of the chapters are not inferior in their handling.

The volume is clearly and simply written. This does not mean that it is a primer. Every chapter is ballasted with forays into anatomy and chemistry, and one who runs may not read with passing glances. The chapter on respiration, for example, demands a good deal of thought, and perhaps some little reference to an elementary chemistry. However, the matter presented is nothing if not practical; the chapter on the care of the eyes is an illustration. Here is set down the curious and rather shivery fact, for instance, that yearly many eyes are lost through the use of perpendicular, sharp-pointed desk-files and straight-spouted oil cans. Many of us who have not nodded over such menaces should have better vision in middle age if we had had this book in youth.

There are nowadays, in American colleges, and even in high schools, courses in hygiene; there are also, in the colleges, certain survey-courses through the taking of which Freshmen are supposed to secure an "orientation." This is the sort of sketchmap-making which enables an inexperienced youth to direct his destiny with some approach to rationality. The book I am talking about ought to be a bonanza for any such educational purposes, for its scope is by no means confined to the individual. In almost every chapter there is a section dealing with the general social bearings of matter presented. Indeed, prophylaxis might be said to be the text of the work; and much suggestion is offered as to the industrial maladjustments of the present day. As one of the collaborators in this work has said, the question now is to get out of the human factor in industry what there is in him, just as hitherto attention has been directed to making the most out of the inanimate factors, the fuels and the machine.

In short, the reviewer regards this book as a compendium of knowledge which is not only useful but vitally important to both individual and society. Of the making of futile books, at the present day, there is truly no end. The seer who sadly emitted the remark here adapted would have exchanged his sadness for madness if he could have viewed the tremendous wastage of good parchments and excellent ink upon the perpetration and perpetuation of microscopic thoughts and insubstantial phantasies. It is a pleasure to feel unqualified satisfaction in the production of a new work, and to say so unqualifiedly.

The following are the most recent volumes published in Everyman's Library, issued in London by J. M. Dent & Sons and in New York by E. P. Dutton: "Madame Bovary," by Gustave Flaubert, translated by E. Marx-Aveling, with an introduction by Professor Saintsbury; Castiglione's "The Courtier," translated by Sir Thomas Hoby, with an introduction by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse; Sir John Maundeville's "Travels," with an introduction by Jules Bramont; "The Origin of Species," by Charles Darwin, copyright edition, with an introduction by Sir Arthur Keith; "The Sea and the Jungle," by H. M. Tomlinson; "Under Fire: The Story of a Squad," by Henri Barbusse; and "A Dictionary of Quotations and Proverbs," in two volumes.

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of LITERATURE

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In a London Slum

JIPPING STREET: Childhood in a London Slum. By KATHLEEN WOODWARD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928.

Reviewed by WORTH TUTTLE

A SLIGHT iterary self-consciousness in the repetition of adjectives and phrases restrains the initial force of this poignant reminiscence of the noises, smells, pain, and misery which make up Jipping Street. Once in the mainstream of remembrance, however, this same repetition becomes singularly effective, familiar flotsam for which we look. To come upon "hospital" instead of "the hospital on the ancient site," or "death" instead of "death or the workhouse which was worse than death" would be disappointing. To the workhouse where the smell was "of very washed old ladies, a dry sad smell mixed up with the smell of newly washed clothes not put out to air" went little old Miss Le Grand, the "born lady." To "the hospital on the ancient site" went Maggie Murphy for an operation on her ears, coming out without her tonsils, thereby increasing Jipping Street's awe of the place, "where Horror walked briskly up and down, stark, without cloth or covering, and Pain writhed and anguished on a police ambulance." There Nellie, the barmaid at The World on Its Toes, went for treatment for her many complaints, and accompanying her, "I learned of many matters that are not generally included in the instruction of the young." And there Mother—fearless and without hope, flinty, enduring, strong, proud, into whom suffering had bitten until it was impotent against the granite it laid bare—went for bandages and lineaments for varicose veins, "those dreadful wounds in her leg."

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Like knots in the thread of the author's consciousness, which like a ballerina's gesture seems to extend from infinity to infinity, are these people of Jipping and Kent Streets (the Old Kent Road!): Jessica Mourn, who comforted the living and washed the dead, whose eyes expressed a "something" once seen in the eyes of a dog run over in Jipping Street, whose mother lived on penny lovelettes and wrote love letters to "the calamity in the shape of Mr. Mourn" who came and "spit homelike" about the place and to whom Jessica was duly "churched and housed," her mother having been "married but not churched." Blast-the-wax, the Marxian shoemaker, who taught the child politics and the mending of soles; Albert, the basket weaver, who told her stories of black men in far travelled lands, but whose door was closed to her once because he was in jail, "having slit the throat of a little girl in Clapham." There was Lil of whom the women whispered no good would come while they returned her smile affectionately, and of whom none did, she dying in childbirth at twenty in a "room that was hot, swooning hot, as if every breath of air was oppressed by the coming of death . . . the walls went gray and dirty; the lace curtains . . . became stringy, lank, torn, and the room took on a sordidness that sent a shiver through my soul—the very room in which I had so often watched Lil fluff her hair and steal her look of health from the red-covered back of a penny dictionary, and shed my cares in the sound of her laughter." And soon after Lil came Marion Evelyn, a woman of more than fifty, who "looked like a round ball of unrelated garments, lurching sideways into the factory," and who in spite of a tragic inarticulateness made a trade unionist of the thirteen-year-old girl, lent her books, and helped to propel her toward that career of factory worker, stewardess, reporter, and author of such passages as

> Shading the courtyard of the hospital on the ancient site were three great plane trees, verdant, green, breathing the promise of God in their fresh, moist leaves. Sometimes, broad-smiling, the sunlight lay aslant the leaves, or danced lovely dream children on the courtyard; and between the plane trees and the worn, mellow walls of the hospital there seemed to live a perfect understanding.
>
> At night the starlings held concert in the trees, twittering shrilly away through the quiet, dreadful spaces of the night, restless, loquacious, as if to break that stilly silence which broods heavily about the presence of suffering and pain. All night the starlings twittered shrilly, to heighten the ghostly quiet.

"Jipping Street" is a book to be read by all those who love exquisite writing—in at least two dictionary meanings of the adjective, by all too-scientific social case workers, and by the Watsonians, for we, with Miss Woodward, tremble when we consider Jipping Street and its like "in the light of our ever-advancing psychology; for the psychologist would give us as little reason to hope as the theologian he would displace, *if it be true* that early influences are so potent, so impressing, so inescapable."

Norman Douglas's Latest

IN THE BEGINNING. By NORMAN DOUGLAS. New York: John Day. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THERE is little pleasure and less profit in writing a review like this. To see the dying agonies of humor, to hear the death-rattle of good taste is painful, and to describe them to a clinic of readers is a cold-blooded performance which the present writer will scamp as much as possible. Unfortunately he cannot altogether avoid that description, for Mr. Douglas has added another volume to the list of books which are only interesting because they reveal the author's pathological condition. It is too bad.

When Mr. Douglas wrote "South Wind" a generation quite naturally arose and called him blessed. It was light, it was gay, it was full of insight, and

BARBARA NEWHALL FOLLETT
(*See page* 943)

despite a subterranean grimness felt rather than known it had a large kindness in it that was captivating. But the lovely elements that mixed so delicately in "South Wind" have all gone up the spout. And "In the Beginning" is a feeble specimen of that chirping pornography that passes for strength among the weak.

The book is a laboriously fantastic history of the origin of kingship and cities, based on the legendary Ninus and Semiramis who are whimsically disguised as Linus and Simyra. For the local color Sir James Frazier and Lemprière seem to have been consulted about equally, and with about equal success. The Gods walked with men in those days, and Mr. Douglas has accordingly miscreated a whole set of divinities remodelled from all the more accessible pantheons by the simple device of altering their names. These deities are sadistically cruel and with a more than Greek insouciance and irresponsibility kill us for their sport in more or less disgusting ways. The philosophical position may be sound, but it has nothing novel about it.

A sort of cancerous proud-flesh has been forced to attach itself to the dry bones of the legend. Mr. Douglas has expanded the hints of ancient historians in a fashion peculiar but by no means difficult. If Herodotus, or Ctesias, or Hecataeus, or whoever it is alludes to some amiable sexual aberration, Mr. Douglas enlarges, develops, and expatiates. He seems completely unaware of the beauty and dignity and wonder that once were the attributes of the worship of the principle of generation. And his tone as he narrates the procreant exploits of his Gods and heroes and heroines is a vulgar cross between the hysterical snicker of an ill-bred fifth former and the gross cackle of a worn-out boulevardier. To combine these may have been a feat. If so I hope it will not be repeated.

The book does not shock. "It merely turns the stomach." It reminds one of septic tanks that break through a parterre. It will bore anyone that it could conceivably hurt. And I can conceive no one whom it will not bore. The reason is easy to supply. One may be as light and puckish as one can be on any subject, but there is one subject on which one must not be trivial. To be jocular on the tangled psychological and physiological passions of men and women, to view them as at once comic and of no importance is a spiritual giveaway. It proves deadness of soul in the person who has such a point of view. And the galvanic cynicism which clicks automatically when lust and desire are mentioned is wearisome whether to flesh or spirit.

If the end of culture is to make the great intimacies little and obscene, then this book has succeeded. I don't think that is the end of culture. I do think that Mr. Douglas affords one more proof that what is called sophistication is often mere polished ignorance. If one knows lust and not emotion, what does one know? As Milton said, only an "erratic nerve." Mr. Douglas's sophistication has too much affinity with the kind of paintings that are viewed through peepholes—by Babbitts.

In "South Wind" there is a passage beyond price. The Count Caloveglia expatiates to Denis on the nobility of Greek Sculpture, and in particular of the Locrian Faun dug up recently on his own estate. He indicates delicately the elegance, the repose, the rhythm of the factitious antique, which, parenthetically, he has sculptured himself. The Count's faun deceived the South Kensington Museum. But Mr. Douglas has tried to palm off on us a senile, awkward, and debilitated Priapus who will not even deceive the Eden Musée.

A Lusty Story

HEAVY LADEN. By PHILIP WYLIE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928.

Reviewed by ROBERT MACDOUGALL

OF every hundred readers who come across "Heavy Laden," ninety will cry, "Obscene! Disgusting! Suppress it!"; the other ten will understand Mr. Wylie and bless his wisdom. For this first novel by Mr. Wylie (of Massachusetts and Princeton, and now in his middle twenties) is an uncompromising statement of the case for the Younger Generation, that rowdy band of disquieting independents. It is not impossible that "Heavy Laden" may interpret, explain, show cause, and even perhaps persuade; it is the novel of all that have recently appeared that should be the manifesto of this Younger Generation, its answer to its critics. Yet I am sure that Mr. Wylie and his writing will be condemned by those who should be tolerant and sympathetic; I am sure that the novel will be widely misunderstood. And the fault will be not entirely the readers', for Mr. Wylie is bitter and he is brutal —seldom urbane or respectable.

But perhaps I am in danger of treating "Heavy Laden" too solemnly. Let me say, therefore, that in demonstrable essence it is a lusty story after (and in some particulars, beyond) the most strenuous modern models. Although in no real way similar to "Elmer Gantry," it slaughters a man of God, and many of its moments are Lewis-ian in their mocking photography. Furthermore, there are definite resemblances to the Ben Hecht of "Erik Dorn" and "Gargoyles." But after all, Mr. Wylie smashes his way through an excellent narrative in a manner that is fundamentally his own.

The story is of Hugh McGreggor, Protestant clergyman and born go-getter, and of his daughter, Ann, a young girl of the type that has succeeded the flapper. Between these two comes the essential conflict of the novel, a conflict caused by fundamentally different ways of thinking, believing, and living. Ann ultimately comes off the victor, not because of superior capacities, but because of the fact that the credo of her generation is apparently sounder and more workable than that of her father's. Mr. Wylie does not bring this conflict before us until after we have read the first half of "Heavy Laden." Those earlier pages are devoted to an effective analysis of Hugh's development: his religious growth, his participation in the War, his two marriages. When, therefore, we find him up against something that he does not understand (that is, our Younger Generation) we can comprehend exactly his spiritual agony and defeat. Anne is more a type, a sample of a species, than her father, but she nevertheless is an arrestingly successful character. Throughout his novel, Mr. Wylie gives us chapter after chapter of excellent narrative: we know no more thoroughly admi-

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rable treatment of the War than his account of Hugh McGreggor's days in France with the Y. M. C. A.; Ann's few sad months in college and her drunken brawls in New York are written with high sincerity and truth; and, very differently, the description of the flood in the Middle Western town shows mastery of a more conventional sort of writing. "Heavy Laden" is a memorable novel, therefore, entirely aside from its sensationalism or its propaganda.

"Heavy Laden" probably never can be put in free circulation by public libraries; it will disgust all those who have a definite notion of what is decent in a novel and what should not be mentioned. As likely as not it will do more harm than good—simply because it will be so often misunderstood. But to those who do see what Mr. Wylie is driving at, who by experience and by temperament can sympathize with him, the novel will be a notable success. No one can deny its occasional brilliance; no one can be lukewarm in his attitude.

The Wraith of Margot

OCTAVIA. By MARGOT ASQUITH (Countess of Oxford and Asquith). New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THE most remarkable thing about Lady Oxford's first novel is that it is so little remarkable. If her "Autobiography" shocked conservative England by its frankness and lack of reticence, her "Octavia" is quite as striking because of its absence of all those qualities with which legend, E. F. Benson, and the author herself—not to mention William Watson—have surrounded the name of Margot Tennant Asquith.

And yet, in more ways than one, Octavia recalls that legendary heroine. She is described as fearless, quick, and truthful; her interest in life centers upon the quest, not the quarry; she demands the utmost of sensation and thinks of herself as Beatrice: "there was a star danced, and under that was I born."

Daughter of a rich father, who accumulated his fortune in Glasgow, Octavia comes to England to hunt. There she meets various young men who admire her and eventually marries one of them. The story is as simple as that. It divides itself somewhat evenly into hunting scenes and love scenes. Unfortunately in neither do we find the freshness and vivacity, the acute wit, or the penetrating analysis of persons and situations that might have put color into so pale a plot. The author's touch, though occasionally light—for example in picturing the misunderstandings between Octavia and her husband—is for the most part stiff and conventional. She tells us about her characters; they tell us nothing themselves. Aside from hunting, their most strenuous occupations are talking—rather stiltedly—and opening doors. Their adventures in the field lack the requisite elements of dash and surprise, their conversations concern nothing that matters (those involving political questions are especially disappointing), and the doors they open lead nowhere. Octavia herself remains insubstantial, a faded Dodo, a hollow wraith of Margot. In short, the incredible has happened: Lady Oxford has written a dull novel.

A Conditioned Reflex

(*Continued from page* 941)

for popularity without destroying its essence. Our poets have divided into a band of scornful singers who, flinging both popularity and finances overboard, are more cryptic than ever before, and a popular poetry that has gone the whole way to meet naïveté and become readable by the simple device of not being poetry at all. Eddie Guest is the excellent example. We seem unable to produce an intermediate type—a Burns, or even a Longfellow.

But aside from poetry, conditioning for popularity has undoubtedly been a useful discipline. If Carlyle had been conditioned to write with less rhetoric and more lucidity he would be a better Carlyle for posterity. If Dickens had been forced to be popular with a public sated with melodrama, drowned in printed words, fastidious in sentiment, like ours, he would be a better Dickens. In our day, Shaw, Wells, Galsworthy, Tarkington, Willa Cather show how great talents of various kinds can adapt themselves to a conditioning for the public—in the case of Shaw and Wells, consciously and carefully adapt themselves with a gain rather than a loss. How many talents are ruined in the advertising market, how much writing is debased by the need of popularity, how many delicate voices are unheard because print, like the radio, belongs to the loud and ready speakers, it is not easy to calculate. But that is another story. For strong writers the discipline has often been good.

Mr. Ponsonby's Hobby

MORE ENGLISH DIARIES. With an Introduction by ARTHUR PONSONBY. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $5.

SCOTTISH AND IRISH DIARIES. With an Introduction by ARTHUR PONSONBY. The same.

Reviewed by FRANK V. MORLEY

MR. GLADSTONE, when kept waiting, used to pray. Mr. Ponsonby, in blanks of time, reads diaries. "During the last few years," he writes in the introduction to "More English Diaries," "I have kept one in my pocket, I have put one in my bag when travelling and I have had one ready in any house or library where I was likely to find myself for any length of time. They are better than novels, more accurate than histories, and even at times more dramatic than plays. Divide them up how you will into ancient and modern, social, political, travel, or personal, introspective or objective, within each category there is infinite variety with just the slender but very distinct link that all these men and women have felt impelled to keep a book in which periodically to write down something about themselves." In short, the reading of diaries is an engrossing hobby to Mr. Ponsonby. Four years ago he gave us "English Diaries," which is reissued this year with the above volumes. The three anthologies have been compiled with the pleasure a man feels in communicating his enjoyment to others.

Having found an amusement which enlists his sympathies, Mr. Ponsonby does not intend to be dull in passing it on. He is not excited by entries such as "the dear Duchess of Gloucester is at death's door," or "better news from Siam"; he skips these in favor of remarks like that of Elizabeth Freke:

> The voylence of this my Fall struck outt my Cheek Teeth that strong as they weer, Fell out of my mouth—Roots and all. . . .

Consequently his selections form lively reading. The gusto and skill with which he prepared the first volume, are not diminished in the others; material seems inexhaustible. For instance, in the books under review, we may consider Lady Anne Clifford's food:

> After supper we went in the coach to Goodwife Syslies and ate so much cheese that it made me sick. . . .

or Walter Powell's ailments:

> My gout began in ye joynt of my great toe. . . .

or Anthony Wood's difficulties with his sister-in-law:

> The melancholy, malitious, and peevish woman slighted me and rose in the middle of dinner from the table. My brother Kit asked me whether I would be godfather and give a piece of plate to the childe in her belly. She said she "would first see it rot, etc.," with an envious eye and teeth. . . .

or little Marjorie Flemming's distress:

> I am now going to tell you about the horrible and wretched plaege that my multiplication gives me you cant conceive it—the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7. It is what nature itselfe cant endure. . . .

or Richard Boyle's servant troubles:

> One of my Skullery men . . . did most unfortunately by jesting with his knife run my undercook into the belly whereof he instantly died in my house in dublin. . . .

As for description of the volumes, no more need be said. They form a comprehensive anthology, with explanationes which are free and easy rather than meticulous, and with much friendly comment, somewhat undisciplined.

* * *

But it would be unprofitable, I believe, not to glance at Mr. Ponsonby's conclusions. "There is a very clear distinction," he writes in the introduction to the first volume,

> between diary writing and other forms of writing. A consciousness of some literary capacity, however meagre it may be or however unjustified any such assumption may be, stands behind every other form of writing except letter writing. In diary writing no such consciousness need exist nor indeed is any literary capacity necessary. Diary writing is within the reach of every human being who can put pen to paper and no one is in a more advantageous position than anyone else for keeping a diary. People of all ages and degrees who may never have ventured to write a line for publication and may be quite incapable of any literary effort, are able to keep a diary the value of which need not in any way suffer from their literary incapacity. Diaries may or may not be called literature, some undoubtedly have literary value, but this has nothing whatever to do with their merit as diaries.

In a literary journal, it is fitting to examine the way the phrases "literary capacity," "literary effort," "literary talent," "literary value," are used. That there is something paradoxical about Mr. Ponsonby's use of the word "literary" is shown by further quotation. "One's pleasure in reading a diary," he writes later, "depends on the treatment, the spontaneity, the sincerity, and the powers of selection of its author, and also on the sort of personality we catch sight of behind the screen." He comments with praise on a diarist who "may have been illiterate, but he was scrupulously accurate." I say paradoxical, for "spontaneity," "power of selection," "accuracy," are terms which definitely describe literary qualities, while "treatment," "sincerity," and "personality" are vaguer terms commonly used (sometimes badly) in making literary judgments. Thus sometimes Mr. Ponsonby likes diaries for what other people call literary qualities.

But before the paradox is understood one may speculate a little from the fact that diaries are Mr. Ponsonby's hobby. Sometimes the pleasure in a hobby is added to by the notion that the hobby is unusual. Some people, some book-collectors, for example, like to state there is a special attractiveness, a peculiar excitement, about their chosen line of goods. It is when they articulate what passes through their minds when thinking of their hobby, when they express this supposedly unique enjoyment, that one realizes the humor of their claim to an affection without a parallel. It is by no means uncommon that close attention to a hobby leads to a myopia, by which the virtues of that hobby are enlarged, while the existence of those virtues elsewhere remains neglected or unseen.

* * *

This is an application of the wider commonplace, that intelligent people often limit the exercise of their intelligence, allowing emotional excesses in a hobby which they would not allow in their real business. That is what hobbies are for; they exist for periods of "limited intelligence." Often this is candidly admitted, and charmingly upheld. Mr. Ponsonby's paradoxical paragraph is a roundabout admission that here he does not mean to be taken seriously. Looking at it again, we see in the first phrase that he is going to be sentimental. He claims a very clear distinction where none is clear. He goes on to say, in effect, that there need be no nonsense or solemnity about diaries, no conventional pretenses. The implication that literature is a matter of "purple passages," or "fine writing," or affectation of some sort—which would indeed be a flashy, empty notion—is merely by way of saying that as well as enjoying literary qualities, he is going to seek out and exploit factitious values. He says in this paragraph what he repeats at some length throughout the introductions; what is in effect this statement —"There is no point in persuading me or my readers to exercise intelligence or to attend to discipline, for we are eager to indulge whatever emotions are easiest, in order to occupy vacancy or to divert dulness."

It would have saved some pages if Mr. Ponsonby had said this outright; but there is fun in writing introductions, perhaps too much fun to be missed.

Charles Edward Montague, whose article on Matthew Arnold, published in the *Saturday Review* of May 12, was in all probability the last literary paper to come from his pen, died of pneumonia on May 29. For more than a quarter of a century he had been the chief editorial writer of the *Manchester Guardian* which he left, however, for a period during the War in order to serve in the trenches. Mr. Montague's last novel, "Right Off the Map," published a few months ago, was a vigorous satire upon imperialism and the manner in which nations are precipitated into war. Among his other books were "A Hind Let Loose," "Dramatic Values," "The Morning's War," "Disenchantment," "Fiery Particles," "Rough Justice," and "The Right Place."

A new series of unpublished letters of Robert Louis Stevenson has just been discovered. Most of them are addressed to Sir Sidney Colvin, Stevenson's literary executor.

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A Brave Chronicle

THE STUMP FARM. By HILDA ROSE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Publication.) 1928. $2 net.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS chronicle of the Rockies and Canada, which attracted wide attention in the pages of the *Atlantic*, is as heroic a story as the annals of pioneering in any age or place afford. The narrator and heroine is a frail eighty-six pound woman whose health broke down in schoolteaching, and who went west to recover. Marrying another consumptive nearly thirty years older than herself, she settled on what they hoped would be a ranch when they got the stumps out, had a baby, and endured such loneliness, hardship, and privation as might have daunted any mountaineer of rugged health. The Montana country was unprosperous. In 1921 we find her writing that "if daddy can stay well and work—he's a dreadfully hard worker for his age—and if we get hay, and if we get that pig fat enough to butcher, and if we have good luck with the cows so we get lots of milk, and if our vegetables grow, we'll have enough to eat anyway next winter." The country was also socially barren. The other pioneers with whom Hilda Rose could associate were for the most part an undesirable lot. Irregular unions, illegitimacy, and the most flagrant evil-living abounded; "when I moved up here fourteen years ago there were seven women who lived with two husbands apiece"—for an extra man was needed to work the farms. But Hilda Rose formed a woman's club, started a debating society, held a box-supper for the I.W.W.'s in the logging camps which realized $28.75 for charity, and otherwise bestirred herself to make the region better. Then the boy got bronchial pneumonia, the father's health grew worse, and the crops failed. "Conditions are very hard," she wrote at the end of 1923. "The struggle for bare existence is awful, but one gets used to it. Every penny should be used for at least a dozen such urgent needs that I have carried a dollar with me for days, laid it in front of me, and ate debating what it should go for." Finally in 1926 the struggle had to be given up, and the Rose household set out for a new and better home.

The most interesting and poignant portion of the book is this second half which describes the new pioneering venture far north of Edmonton, Alberta, on the Peace River. At the beginning they were fifteen miles from the nearest white settler. The winters were eight months long, with the thermometer often sixty below zero, and sometimes seventy or eighty below. At first they planned a dugout, but old trappers told them that the danger of a river flood made it unsafe; and before they could cut enough poplar logs for a cabin, Mr. Rose fell ill, cold weather overtook them, and they had to face the first season in a tent.

> Such freezing cold! The big wood heater in the tent and the old cookstove had to be kept red-hot to get any comfort at all, and my poor feet were so cold. A tent is such a draughty place to live in, when it gets 40 below zero.

* * *

Fortunately on Thanksgiving Day a white settler drove up with four other men to their rescue, and in a half week of hard work built a one-room cabin, with a tar paper roof, which Mrs. Rose at once pronounced "heavenly." But for that kind act they might easily have perished, for in February Mrs. Rose was totally disabled by a fall. Not until the summer of 1927 was the family really on its feet, and though Mr. Rose worked hard in the garden and the boy shot game and tended fur-traps, it is pretty clear that the *Atlantic* furnished the final and indispensable sheet-anchor. Mrs. Rose's letters, to her friends, written without the slightest thought of publication, were admirable literary material. They described the wild scenery of the Peace River Valley, where she never ventured to go out of sight of the house without her dog, lest she be lost; the cycles of wild life, with the rabbits breeding heavily, the minks and foxes multiplying with them, an epidemic then sweeping away the rabbits, and the minks and foxes disappearing; the "poor dam breeds," who want to be white and are pathetically grateful to be treated as such; and the habits of the full-blooded Indians. If there is a better description of how an Indian mother tends her baby than Mrs. Rose gives, it would be hard to find it.

The chronicle closes with a letter of Oct. 19, 1927, which strikes a hopeful note. This far northern country, nestled under the Caribou Mountains, is steadily filling with settlers, a land-office is opening, and a government road is to be built. The Canadian Government will furnish a semi-monthly mail service. We may hope that this mail will carry to the *Atlantic* material for a sequel to this story of indomitable courage, of cheerfulness in adversity, of family devotion and community spirit, of insurmountable obstacles somehow surmounted; a book which deserves a wide reading, and will leave every reader a wholehearted admirer of the mistress of the stump farm.

Toward Renaissance

DESTINATIONS: A CANVASS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE SINCE 1900. By GORHAM B. MUNSON. New York: J. H. Sears & Company. 1928.

Reviewed by G. R. ELLIOTT
Amherst College

PERHAPS the distinctive literary achievement of the twentieth century will turn out to be the creation of a new criticism, particularly in America. The need, at least, is crying. The naturalistic movement that has been running hard in literature for a century and more is now a whirlpool of dregs. The creative imagination today goes shallowly round and round. It can be cleared and set forward in a new course only through a large effort of the critical mind. That effort, God knows, is particularly needed in America. Also the opportunity for it, Mr. Munson knows (and I hope God knows too), is particularly open in America. On account of our post-bellum status in the world, "we have unemployed energy which might be tapped for the effort of discovering the ends of existence"; moreover, "our liquid fragmentary state would be favorable for the reception of new master ideas and master impulses." The scene is set. All we want is the right type of critic: "the man who has lost his illusions concerning wealth and sex and art and social reform, but who has turned searcher with a vengeance, who is desperate and practical, skeptical of himself, energetic to the point of gratuitous effort, and unified by his object, which is self-knowledge and self-development toward a clear but utterly remote standard: with a handful of such men in our enviroment, we could begin to hope for a Renaissance as a by-product of their main direction."

* * *

Gorham Munson himself has "turned searcher with a vengeance." And his new book seems to me the most promising thing that has recently happened in American criticism. His thought is immature and piecemeal (his age is thirty-two) and his style is often clumsy enough. But his whole attitude is fresh, large, and timely. He believes that the time has come to "take up afresh the whole problem of the function of art and attack it from the angle of art serving the human development of the artist, and not from our customary angle of the artist serving the ends of art." There is too much accumulated cant about the artist's "search for truth," "worship of beauty," and so on. The imaginative writer pretends to a degree of objectivity that he is far from possessing (Mr. Munson's most pointed demonstration of this is in his essay on Marianne Moore), complacently ignoring the fact that the nature of his work is mainly determined by his own predilections and limitations—by the human stuff within him. Most of our present authors are animated by a disguised desire to gratify "one or another type of self-love." To face this motive frankly, is to put ourselves in position to consider such a question as this: "What is one to do in order to write from a sincerely-held purpose of discovering knowledge, enhancing consciousness, and *acting* in accord with one's knowledge and state of being?" Obviously a critic who talks this way is in danger of confusing human motives with literary results; but our critic himself states the danger and is generally on his guard against it. He insists that if we are to have better writing in America we must search for ideas that will aid the "human development" of our oncoming authors, and raise them above a "subjective bondage" masquerading as artistic freedom.

From this standpoint he canvasses our twentieth-century writers so far, disposing them into four symbolic groups: the Older, Middle, and Younger Generations, and the Rainbow Makers. The first group, the O. G., notably Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, is classical in outlook. Related to them in spirit is Robert Frost, to whom Mr. Munson recently devoted a separate volume. The second group, which comprises most of our best known writers today, "is the romantic spirit in full insurgence." This M. G., for Mr. Munson's purposes, is, roughly speaking, N. G. Its motivating ideas have proved unfruitful; being either trivial, as in the two widely different cases of Theodore Dreiser and Vachel Lindsay; or too wavering, as in the poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson, who "oscillates between gazing at the religious possibilities of man and a consideration of the naturalness of man's desires and appetites that leads toward a tentative paganism—he does not move very far in either direction." And now, revolting from the M. G. and searching eagerly for firm and fruitful ideas, comes the Y. G., represented in this book by Kenneth Burke, Hart Crane, Jean Toomer, and, eminently though unintentionally, by the author himself. As for the Rainbow Makers—Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore, William Carlos Williams, and the like—they are those who, with a certain hard brilliance of mind and art, have stood aloof from the special emotionalism of the M. G. and serve to connect the "adult ideology" of the O. G. with the "nascent ideology" of the Y. G.

* * *

It appears, then, that the immediate way of progress for the Y. G. is to take stock of the aims of the O. G., More and Babbitt, which have been badly misrepresented by various members of the M. G. Those two "Elder Critics" appear to Mr. Munson, *not* aloofly moral and intellectual, but vibrant with "old-time highly charged currents of life" and possessed of "a certain power, comprehensiveness, and elevation which their modernistic opponents have not acquired." Yet he severely criticises the style of More and Babbitt (a truer criticism, I think, would be that their literary manner is deficient in persuasiveness); and he is very far from tying himself to them. He treats them with the same promising combination of zest and detachment which he applies to all the others; for instance, Wallace Stevens, whose poetry is a "well-fed and well-booted American dandyism of contentment"—yet provides a "minute but sustained harmony floating above the chaos of life." Mr. Munson's idea is simply that More and Babbitt, preëminently, can help the Y. G. to "tap sources higher in level than the prevalent culture."

He himself has been tapping Plato, Aristotle, and other great original sources. At present, as he tells us toward the close, he is launching upon the Mahabharata. I hope he won't spend too much of his next ten years upon that vast Hindu epic. A need nearer home is that he should discover just where he stands in relation to Matthew Arnold, by whom he is more swayed than he seems aware. Arnoldian thoughts move through his book alongside ideas from More and Babbitt—and the gears don't engage. The fact is that More and Babbitt, whom I take to be the two chief critical thinkers in English since Arnold, have urged a certain radical change in the Arnoldian critical outlook. Mr. Munson should find what that change is and decide to what extent he accepts it. That is his nearest problem. However, he turns to the Mahabharata because his imagination craves food, new food, "a new symbol for the youth of America,"—a great poem which, "being unfamiliar in its mythology and therefore outside of our education, may act as a touchstone to determine the strength and sincerity of one's pursuit of the unattainable," of Perfection. Well, there is a certain work in our own language which now fills this bill in every item. Two centuries of reaction and misinterpretation have succeeded in making it "unfamiliar in its mythology" and in putting it *really* "outside of our education." Incidentally, it would help Mr. Munson to face his critical problem in regard to More and Babbitt and Arnold; for Milton was a great critical intelligence. However, the main point is that our poetic imagination (as I am claiming elsewhere) has now come into a dilemma which can never be fully solved until we discover the present meaning of our own supreme epic; that we can never have a real Renaissance until our "Paradise Lost" is regained.

A lost section of a medieval manuscript by Gonzalo de Berceo, the earliest known Castilian poet, has been discovered by Professor C. Carroll Marden of Princeton, who has just returned from Spain, where, under a grant from the American Council of Learned Societies, he has been pursuing research.

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The Bowling Green

(*In the absence of Mr. Morley, Mr. Bennett's article has been substituted for the usual Bowling Green.*)

Current Events

IN some educational institutions (they deserve that dreary appellation) there is a detestable practice of conducting courses in Current Events. The class subscribes to one of those periodicals that go in for concentrated information, such as *Time* or the *Literary Digest*. Then they try to excogitate answers to such questions as these:

What and where is Esthonia? How does it figure in the week's news? (If you had not taken this course you would have thought that Esthonia was a new kind of nervous malady, curable by osteopathy. And what harm would that have done you?)

Summarize the chief points in President Coolidge's address to the International Congregation of Girl Scouts.

Did they get any forrader at Geneva last week? Why not? What are the Nobel prizes? Who got them this year? For the last ten years?

What is the importance of the index number? What is it for the current week? (I may not have got this right. I mean the thing that Irving Fisher invented.)

What did Mussolini suppress last week?

And so on, and so on. All big pompous events, you see. Obvious subjects for editorials, themes for public speeches, the sort of thing you feel you *ought* to be interested in, but manifestly aren't, for they are all concerned with the imposing façade of life, with Movements and Tendencies and Public Figures and Policies and Critical Issues. But, thank Heaven! life is not so dull as that. And there is no reason why a course in current events should not be interesting, exciting, and even instructive. It all depends on what current events you select from the great mass provided by the daily papers and other sources.

Nowadays one is not allowed to make a criticism unless one is also "constructive." I find it hard to understand why, after cleaning one's face, one should also be required to superimpose a smile on it. However, I accept the challenge. If courses in current events *must* be given, then I know how they ought to be managed. And just to prove that I am in earnest I give an example of my method.

My first current event is from the London *Daily Telegraph* and is called Welsh Family's Escape.

> Mr and Mrs ——, of Duffryn-road, Alltwen, Pontardawe, and their ten children had a wonderful escape from death early yesterday morning, when a huge boulder, estimated to weigh about ten tons, became dislodged and careered down the mountain side. After travelling about 150 yards down a steep surface and gaining great speed, it was diverted by a wall, and crashed into a bedroom of the —— house, in which three of the children were sleeping, and strangely enough did not wake them, although the crash was heard by many persons in the neighborhood. Before the course of the boulder was checked it crashed through the bedroom, kitchen, scullery, and bathroom of the house. Most of the furniture in these rooms was smashed, but none of the twelve inmates was injured.

That is such a fantastically unreal episode that the mouth of the commentator is almost stopped. Think of having "no small bit of mountain" come crashing right through your house without injuring anyone! Where were all those twelve people when it struck? Were they all in the *other* bedroom, or were they drawn up stiffly against the walls to let the boulder through? Heaven only knows what queer Welsh *mores* we might not discover if we were to follow up such queries. But these are trivial questions compared to that other that we have all been longing to ask. How was it that while ten tons of rock hurtled through their room the children slept on? What would not the mothers (and fathers) of the world give to know what it is that Welsh parents give their children to make them sleep like that! The reporter lost a great opportunity there.

This single incident, you see, takes us right to the heart of the lives of the Welsh people. I defy my students not to be interested. A year from now you will find them absorbed in the Mabinogion.

We pass now to a piece of description which offers a pleasant contrast to that failure in reporting, for it shows to what incredible heights the journalistic imagination can attain. Our source is *The Weekly Irish Times*.

> The Rostrevor police have found at Killowen Point two large cases of eggs, packed in sectional cardboard receptacles. They were washed ashore from the s. s. Connemara, which was wrecked a fortnight ago. The contents of one case were found intact, while in the other box only a few eggs were broken. This contrasts strangely with the state of some of the bodies washed ashore, which were battered beyond recognition.

I do not think that in the whole range of journalism you will find anything to surpass the simple brutality of that statement. Yet a quite unintended brutality. I picture the unhappy reporter, desperately searching for news. He hears of, or discovers for himself, these cases of eggs. But eggs—eggs—two cases of *eggs* aren't news! Yet they are too good, metaphorically speaking, to be thrown away. How shall we make an "item" out of them? Pause for a few moments and imagine yourself confronted by that problem, and then I think you will find it hard to praise duly the brilliant originality of that transition—"This contrasts strangely with . . ."

My next current event happened in 1656, so it is not, strictly speaking, current; but since I read about it only yesterday, perhaps it may qualify. The scene is in Paris. The circumstances: the controversy between Jesuits and Jansenists on the subject of Divine Grace and human Freedom. The struggle was bitter. The Sorbonne was deeply involved. Then, from his retreat at Port Royal, Pascal suddenly threw confusion among the embattled theologians with his "Lettres Provinciales." Here is the effect (in part) of his first letter at the Sorbonne.

> Le chancelier Séguier, à la lecture de la première lettre, faillit avoir une attaque, et dut être saigné sept fois. . . .

There's triumph for you! Could any review, however laudatory, bring you the same thrill of ecstasy as the knowledge that your book had made it necessary for your opponent to be bled seven times? Think if I had written an article attacking Materialism and I were to learn that some High Priest of Materialism, on reading it, had suffered the complete destruction of all his synapses, wouldn't I be happier than a scholar with an honorary degree?

Indeed, to be serious for a moment, I see here a hint for taking reviewing out of the realm of the impressionistic arts and making it a branch of the science of measurement. Why should not the review of the future simply record the reviewer's pulse, temperature, respiration, blood-pressure, opsonic index, lingual complexion, and so forth, before and after reading? Reviews would be much shorter and no less significant than they are today. Indignant authors would not besiege the correspondence columns with complaints, for after all if the reviewer *was* nauseated or if his temperature *did* drop to subnormal, these are objective facts, and the author has no "come-back." Publishers' puffs would be purely statistical. "The *average* increase of blood pressure of fifty-two selected readers of this book was 11.9." Last, but not least: when we used the word "reaction" we would mean what we said. "What sort of reaction did you get from the reviewers?" "Oh, pretty fair. Temperature averaged 99.8, but the thyroid coefficent was 'way off. I don't quite understand it."

My next is from *The London Observer*. It is headed

BURIED 100,000 PEOPLE.
FUNERAL OF CEMETERY SUPERINTENDENT.

> The funeral took place yesterday of Mr. ——, superintendent of —— Cemetery, who died suddenly on Wednesday last. Deceased, who was seventy-five years of age, entered the employ of the London —— Company at the age of thirteen, so that he had completed just over sixty-two years of service. For the past forty-one years he held the post of superintendent and during that period had conducted just over 100,000 funerals, and it is computed that prior to becoming superintendent he witnessed or assisted at at least 25,000 interments. During the war he was responsible for all the military funerals, nearly three thousand in all.
>
> —— Cemetery is the largest cemetery in the world. There are two railway stations inside the cemetery, complete with waiting rooms, refreshment rooms, and bars. There are also six churches inside the walls. Last year the staff held their Christmas dinner in one of the refreshment rooms.

After reading that to the class I would send them away to think over it. At the end of a week I would give them a two-hour examination. Four questions. Do not attempt more than one.

1. "Necropolis." A meditation in the manner of Sir Thomas Browne.
2. Shakespeare in modern dress. Scene: A bar in a cemetery. Enter two grave-diggers.
3. Elegy in a City Churchyard, by The Superintendent.
4. "Merry Christmas." Scenario of a play in the Russian manner. Scene: The Refreshment Room of a large cemetery. Time: Christmas night. The Staff of the cemetery are dicovered at dinner.

So much for my students. For myself, I am moved to conjecture what sort of man this superintendent was who passed all his life in so dense an atmosphere of mortality. Was he prosperous, successful, and "bright," or did he sometimes have bad dreams? Did the spectacle of this interminable procession to the grave make him hard and stoical, or, since he could say, with more poignant realization than most, "Yesterday, today, and tomorrow we die," would it not have been natural for him to add, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry"? I prefer another picture. I see him as quite detached from the human significance of the daily holocaust. The professional manner of regard must have become a fixed habit with him. Mercifully enough. Mercifully for him, because how else could he have preserved his sanity? And for others, because *il faut mourir*, monsieur, and *someone* has to superintend these places. And, towards the end of his life, professional pride can hardly have failed to enter in. Sixty-two years of service! Saul hath slain his thousands; yes, but we are creeping up towards the 100,000 mark.

And then? Then a vision rises before me. I wish I could draw, I see it so clearly.

The scene is just outside the main gate of the cemetery. No one is about at this hour of the morning except an old woman who sits huddled up on a stool or box at the base of the cemetery wall, her head and shoulders covered with a shawl. She is knitting. She reminds you of *les tricoteuses* at the end of "A Tale of Two Cities." A funeral cortège approaches. The gates open for it. The old woman looks up for a moment, and, as she does so, you catch a glimpse of a gray bony face slashed by a malign charnel grin. No mistaking that grin! It is Death. As the hearse disappears through the gate the old woman croaks wheezily to herself,

"One hundred thousand . . . and one,"

and falls again to her knitting.

I could go on indefinitely. But I see a hand uplifted at the back of the room. Ah! It is the editor. "Please, sir," he is saying, "you've gone five minutes over the hour already."

Eh, bien, mes enfants, la séance est levée. (But I hope it is not to be *la dernière classe*!)

CHARLES A. BENNETT.

The recent death of Stuart Mason, the bibliographer of Oscar Wilde, seems to have coincided with a renewal of the familiar controversy between Lord Alfred Douglas and Frank Harris, in the details of which, not being entomologists, we are frankly not much concerned, except that it offers an item of legitimate trade interest. Rumors lately current that Douglas had obtained substantial damages from London booksellers who had sold copies of Harris's "Life of Wilde" seem to be confirmed by the following letter printed in the December 15 issue of the London *Times Literary Supplement:* "Sir,—Referring to the short notice in your last issue of the 'New Preface to the Life and Confessions of Oscar Wilde,' will you allow me to say that in spite of Mr. Frank Harris's admission, contained in the preface, that practically every word he wrote about me in his 'Life and Confessions of Oscar Wilde,' is false, and in spite of his expression of his desire to do me 'tardy justice' by what he describes as 'this frank confession,' his book, unamended and containing all his admitted libels on me, is still being sold by booksellers in London and elsewhere? A little more than two weeks ago I received from a leading bookseller in the West End of London a full apology, an undertaking not to sell the book again, and £200 in compensation for having sold one copy of it. Two other leading booksellers have apologized and undertaken not to sell the book in future and have offered monetary compensation. My object in asking you to give publicity to this letter is simply to give a warning to any booksellers who may happen to have copies of the book in their possession. My solicitors have instructions to proceed immediately against anyone who sells or attempts to sell the book.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ALFRED DOUGLAS."

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An Impression of America, by Æ

I SEE as the boat comes into New York harbor a gigantic mass of heaven-assailing architecture. It breaks the skyline as huge cliffs might do. One's heart beats quicker, such is the sensation of immense power in the builders of those monstrous cliffs of concrete and steel that blaze in the evening light. Within the city the impression deepens. There is no end of this giant architecture. Forever new comrades rise up beside the elder giants, in new beautiful and wonderful lines. At Manhattan, where they are thickest, in the depths below the streets are darkened, and the eye grows dizzy looking up searching for a sky. It finds high in air great blocks of shadow and light out-soaring Doré or Martin, who piled up a fabulous architecture, temple beyond temple, in their imagination of Babylon or Nineveh. Here high up are spires of burnished copper, where churches have been built to crown some huge edifice. At night the highest lights seem hardly larger than stars, and one set there, without knowing where he was, might imagine the stars also were points of light continuing that aerial architecture up to infinity.

What will New York seem after another half century? Already it appears the most ancient of cities, because here alone does an actual architecture soar above the dreams imaginative artists have conceived of the Towers of Babel. One would imagine at night, where a remote light on a topmost story catches the eye, that some Chaldean wizard was there calculating horoscopes for Nebuchadnezzar. Chicago is hardly less impressive: a darker, fiercer, more tumultuous jumble of lofty buildings, and a surging humanity. City after city seems to be going their way, raising man-made cliffs from the flat American plains. Architecture is the great contemporary American art. The civilization is in that first stage where, as Flinders Petrie said in his "Revolutions of Civilization," there is a mastery over the plastic arts, because there is a physical vitality equal to any labor. The railway stations, even, are awe-inspiring. Entering the Grand Central or Pennsylvania stations, one almost feels the head should be bared and speech be in whispers, so like do they seem in their vastness to temples of the mysteries, but for the crowds which hurry about at their secular business. The material foundations of a mighty civilization are being laid everywhere.

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What am I to say of the people? As I met them they overflowed with kindness. I find it difficult to imagine a kinder people. Haughty to those who do not like them, but lavish in their goodwill to all who meet them with unaffected liking. It is easy to like them. They are young in their minds. It is rarely one meets age in thought or emotion. But because there is youth in their nature one must not assume that their youth is not as competent as the age and experience of the ancestor continent. The evidence of competence lies everywhere about. They were no bunglers who built those great cities, whatever graft may have gone to their making. Their education at present tends to bring about a high average competence in the affairs of life rather than a profound subjectivity. They look outwards rather than inward. The activity is so tremendous that people are called away from central depths to surfaces. There they achieve marvellous things and are delighted as children at what they do. They are a little doubtful about it also. They ask you what you think, and listen to see whether you have an intuition of anything better still which is to come out of them. They are continually scrapping works and buildings, because out of some inner fountain in their being there are welling up perpetually new images which mirror better the secret of their own character.

They are evolving a beauty and elegance of their own. The women have almost standardized good taste in dress. It is rare to see a woman who offends the artist's sense in color and form. I wish I could commend the art with which so many redden their lips with fierce color. Even lovely girls yield to this hideous fashion. It is the mass mood of youth for the moment. It will probably vanish in another year or two. The girls are so naturally charming that they do not need the arts of the demi-mondaine, who must conceal the withering of her freshness. They almost all have an intellectual eagerness. It yet remains to be seen what this eagerness of American women for ideas tends to, what discovery for themselves or for life. I feel at present their eagerness is like bubbles under water, trying to rise, to come to their own natural air. So they may move to the creation of a new feminine type, perhaps hermaphrodite psychically, fusing the intellectual and the emotional. The American man is less effervescent but, I think, with strong elements of romanticism and idealism, even in those powerful masters of industry. All are lavishly generous. They have discovered the economic applications of that spiritual law which gives to the giver: so that whoever pours out to others what is in them to give, whatever there is of love or beauty or imagination or intellect, are themselves perpetually being fed from within. In the sphere of economics this lavish spending of what is earned stimulates consumption and reacts on production. The spendthrift nation is the prosperous nation. While one notices with delight this instinctive lavishing of what is earned, a doubt arises, whether the natural resources of the country are not being too lavishly squandered also. It is right to spend what one earns. But is it right to mine the lands, as too many farmers do, taking from the earth

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its stored-up fertility and restoring nothing to it, cutting down the forests, draining the oil wells, and in a thousand other ways leaving to their children an inheritance of nature somewhat exhausted, as a woman by too much child-bearing?

People speak too often of America as an extension of European civilization and culture. In the superficial sense this is true as it is true that every child must have some parents. But just as the child develops a distinct character so is this new race developing a powerful character of its own. What mood is going to be fundamental there? I am for the moment a Spenglerian trying to discover a central spirit. It is easy for Spengler brooding over European, Arabic, Greek, Egyptian, Indian, or Chinese culture, all either dead or past their zenith, to discover the spirit which locks them in a unity. But here is the beginning of a civilization where what is to dominate and inspire is yet unmanifested or is noticeable in but a few minds. Great cultures spring like great religions from founders with but few disciples, and at first the ideas which later may dominate are born in a society where an opposing idea is king. Then begins a struggle like that between the beings spoken of by Heraclitus. "One lives the other's death. One dies the other's life." What is arising or to arise in the States? I think of it as some mood of planetary consciousness. I cannot get a more precise word. Intuition and reason alike prompt me to say this. In the ancient world where travel was difficult, dangerous, and expensive, the material basis for such a planetary consciousness was not in existence. The cultures of China, India, Egypt turned inward and brooded on themselves. Within the last century only has a nervous system interlocking the planet been evolved. Railway, steamship, cable, wireless, swift-evolving air transport, economic international organizations: the roar of the planet is in every ear. It is true it sounds in European ears also, but it is not the planet they were born under. The characters of European and Asiatic were formed in elder centuries, and they change but little from their intense self-concentration in the new era.

Biologically, the people are made up from fiery particles of life jetted from many human fountains. The biological ancestors of the people in the States are European, Asiatic, African, with some survival of the aboriginal American. Nature will find in this multitude the materials to blend to make a more complex mentality than any known before with wide-reaching affinities in the subconscious. I notice, too, that the writers who form the spiritual germ-cell of American culture—Emerson, Whitman, Thoreau, and their school—think and write of themselves almost as naturally as being children of earth, as of being American citizens. That group manifest in their writings something like a cosmic consciousness. American statesmen, too, are beginning to formulate world policies, league of nations, world peace, a sense of duty to the world struggling up through the intense self-interest and pre-occupation with their own affairs. The American benevolence is world-wide. The Rockefeller Foundation is as benevolent to Japan, France, England, Germany, Belgium, or Singapore as to neighboring Canada. It thinks of the health of humanity, not merely of the American people. I do not say this planetary outlook or consciousness is universal. It exists rather in a few minds. The ordinary man may not understand, indeed he is first repelled by the thoughts that move the mightier of his kind, but the same elements are in his being, and finally he reels after the shepherds who call. A planetary consciousness I surmise will grow up through centuries in this astonishing people, warring with its contrary idea which also has its own meaning and just basis. Our human faculties are burnished by their struggle with opposites in ourselves. And it is no less true of the ideas which become dominant in great civilizations. I imagine centuries in which in the higher minds in the States a noble sense of world duty, a world consciousness, will struggle with mass mentality and gradually pervade it, to establish there, and in the world, perhaps, the idea that all humanity are children of one King, or at least to make so noble an idea part of the heritage of those who come after, until, finally, as it must in the ages, it becomes the dominant idea in world consciousness.

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AE needs no introduction to Americans. Even before his recent visit to this country he was widely known, first as assistant to Horace Plunkett in the latter's economic and agricultural revival of Ireland, and later as himself the head and front of the movement for Irish nationalism. Editor, poet, painter, mystic, as well as publicist and economist, he furnished George Moore with the subject for a remarkable chapter in his "Hail and Farewell," being the only celebrity to be handled with kindness in those books. The initials AE by which George Russell has been generally known resulted not from selection but from a printer's error. Russell, so the story runs, wrote for a philosophical Review some articles on Indian philosophy which he signed AEon. The printer, unable to decipher more than the first two letters of the superscription, used the AE alone and so established the signature. It will be welcome news to Americans to learn that AE is to return to the United States for a brief visit this month.

A collected edition of the poems of George Russell is published by the Macmillan Company who also issue his works in belles lettres and politics. Among the latter may be mentioned "Literary Ideals in Ireland," "Irish Essays," "Imaginations and Reveries," "Coöperation and Nationality," etc.

By the death on May 16 of Sir Edmund Gosse England lost one of the most urbane and scholarly of its critics, a writer the greater part of whose work was in the field of belles lettres but whose enduring claim to fame rests upon a single masterpiece. "Father and Son," which he published in 1909, and which is an unsparing piece of realism pillorying Victorian ways and ideals, was crowned by the French Academy, and was generally recognized as a work of the first order.

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Books of Special Interest

The New Negro

THE AMERICAN NEGRO. By MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $1.75.

Reviewed by MALCOLM M. WILLEY
University of Minnesota

IT was in 1619 that the captain of "a Dutch man of warre that sold us twenty Negars" unwittingly introduced into this country a problem that has constantly grown in complexity. There are now more than ten million inhabitants that bear the brand of Negro. There is a long story between these two extremes, and it is a story that is mingled with ignorance, prejudice, lack of understanding, and, too often, with horror. It is a story that involves sociological and biological factors intertwined, with the passage of two centuries, into baffling complexity. Any sound analysis necessitates the separation of these two factors, but it is a patient student who can attempt the task. It is so easy to write about the Negro and to fashion glib generalizations. Theories of race and its influence can be constructed with such pleasant ease. That is why the literature of the problems of the Negro is relatively so uninforming: there has been so much of what Alfred Korzybski calls "talky-talk" and so little penetrating study. It is necessary to stress this point in order to appreciate fully the material that Professor Herskovits has packed between the covers of his ninety-two page book.

Take the simplest question that one may ask, What is a Negro? We start with twenty black men in 1619, and where are we now? Every Ku Kluxer thinks—better, "feels"—he knows the answer, and so does every defender of the Nordic faith. But it is not so simple as their naïveté would make it. There are more things yet to be learned than are included in their philosophies of race and race relations, as the research that gave rise to the present volume amply demonstrates.

Herskovits has centered his attention upon the biological problems, as his sub-title—A Study in Racial Crossing—indicates. The starting point is the observation that the Negro in this country represents an amalgam, for he has crossed not only with the Indian, but with the white stock as well. Popular impression has long been that the Negro is largely pure black, but upon the basis of data gathered in Harlem, at Howard University, and elsewhere, Herskovits shows the error of the assumption. His sample of more than 1,500 cases contained less than twenty per cent. pure-bloods. To the question, Is the sample adequate? Herskovits gives convincing affirmative answer; he shows he is dealing with data representative of the Negro as a whole in this country. It is in connection with this phase of his work that the author introduces a new method in dealing with Negro data—the use of genealogical material. The check on the validity of this family history material is one of the deftest bits of technique employed in the investigation. By use of statistical procedure, utilized in connection with analysis of certain undisputed Negro physical traits, Herskovits shows an agreement that is scarcely to be questioned between the amount of "whiteness in his sample and the amount of white ancestry claimed by the individuals in their genealogical statements." There isn't a great deal left of the old argument that the Negro doesn't know his father.

Not only does Herskovits find this amalgam, but detailed measurement indicates that the crossing has produced a new physical type which may with accuracy be designated as *American Negro*. An entire chapter is devoted to its description; it presents the ancestral types (caucasoid and negroid) yet is neither of them. Being stable, showing low variability, it cannot be considered as a simple transitory mixture. It is a new Negro, a physical type that nowhere else exists. It is the unique production of this continent. Not so negroid as African stocks, nor so caucasian as the native population, it falls between them.

It is in his discussion of the way in which this type has arisen that Herskovits crosses into the domain of sociological analysis, for it is a social factor that underlies the selection that has given rise to the American negro. In summary it comes to this: The American Negro lives in a civilization or a culture based upon a white pattern. Forced to adjust to this, an attitude toward whiteness, or traits associated with it, becomes ingrained into negro behavior patterns and negro emotional life. That which is white becomes "good" and esteemed. To blackness and negroid characteristics there develops a feeling of "badness" or inferiority. Within the Negro group itself light pigmentation becomes a badge of social distinction. The consequences? Herskovits's figures demonstrate, for example, that Negro men tend to marry women lighter than themselves. The men gain prestige; the women devoted husbands. Herein lies an explanation for the apparent superiority of achievement of the mulatto group. It is not that they have sacred white blood that gives them an inherent ability; Herskovits has shown this correlation does not exist. The error in such an assumption arises from the fact that the lighter Negro is selected for favored positions because of his closer approximation to the standard set by the enveloping white pattern. Light pigmentation gives greater opportunity, not only in mating, but in the economic and social world as well. It is this selection in mating, coupled with the strong taboo against further black-white crossing, that has produced the American Negro, and has made for the stablization of the type. Thus may a social factor give rise to important biological changes. Great is the force of an invidious distinction based upon pigmentation. It is a striking bit of analysis, and one that has far reaching consequences. Herskovits merely hints at its significance in further discussion of race in his final chapter.

As a bit of scientific presentation Herskovits's volume is worth consideration. Guarded and cautious, it deals with controversial topics without a trace of emotion. Its clarity, in dealing with certain necessary statistical concepts, is commendable. The book had to be statistical; in no other way could the analysis be made.

There will have to be much checking on the lines of investigation that the work suggests. For example, there is need for far more knowledge of physical traits of African stocks against which to throw the American Negro material. In the light of further anthropometric data it may be necessary to readjust some of the tentative statements. But the important fact lies here: tentative though some of the results may be, taken together and coupled with the results that are not open to dispute, they point all in one direction. Readjustment, it seems certain, will not undermine the conclusion to which Herskovits has been led. There is a *new* Negro.

A Breezy Picture

SEEING RUSSIA. By E. M. NEWMAN. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1928. $5.

Mr. Newman is a travelogue lecturer who got permission to take photographs freely in Russia and, armed with this permit, traveled over Moscow, Leningrad, down the Volga, and into the Caucasus and Crimea country. He reports his observations in travelogue style and illustrates them with nearly four hundred photographs.

Just how unusual these photographs are will only be understood by those who have tried to take pictures in Russia and have found themselves, despite theoretical permits, under arrest or wrangling with the nearest policeman as soon as they unlimbered a camera. Without some such knowledge, the photographs themselves are not specially striking, as many of them are of "stock" show places, the appearance of which has not been changed by the Revolution, while many others are not different from hundreds of similar snapshots taken by relief-workers and others since the Revolution. Much more interesting views have begun to creep into the Sunday rotogravure sections during the past year or two.

However, many people miss these, and many who do see them don't understand their significance. So that there ought to be a considerable audience for an illustrated narrative of this sort, which covers most of European Russia, doesn't bother with politics or propaganda, and gives the ordinary American reader, without any acquaintance with Russia, a breezy picture of the country and its people, in the same terms in which he is accustomed to see the countries more usually frequented by travelogue lecturers.

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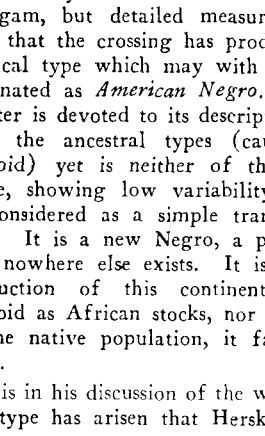
BLACK SPARTA

By NAOMI MITCHISON



DESCRIBED by the author as a collection of stories all happening during perhaps the four most exciting generations of history—between 500 and 370 B. C.—the only time when democracy has really worked. Some are set in Sparta, some in Athens, others in Asia or the Islands. There are men and women in them, known and unknown. Among the known are Pindar, the poet who saw things so well and politics, to our eyes, so oddly; the last princess of Cyrene, the girl Aspasia, Socrates, Plato. Some are clear, sharp love stories, but the best are stories of conflict in the mind. There are some poems. *Just published,* $2.50

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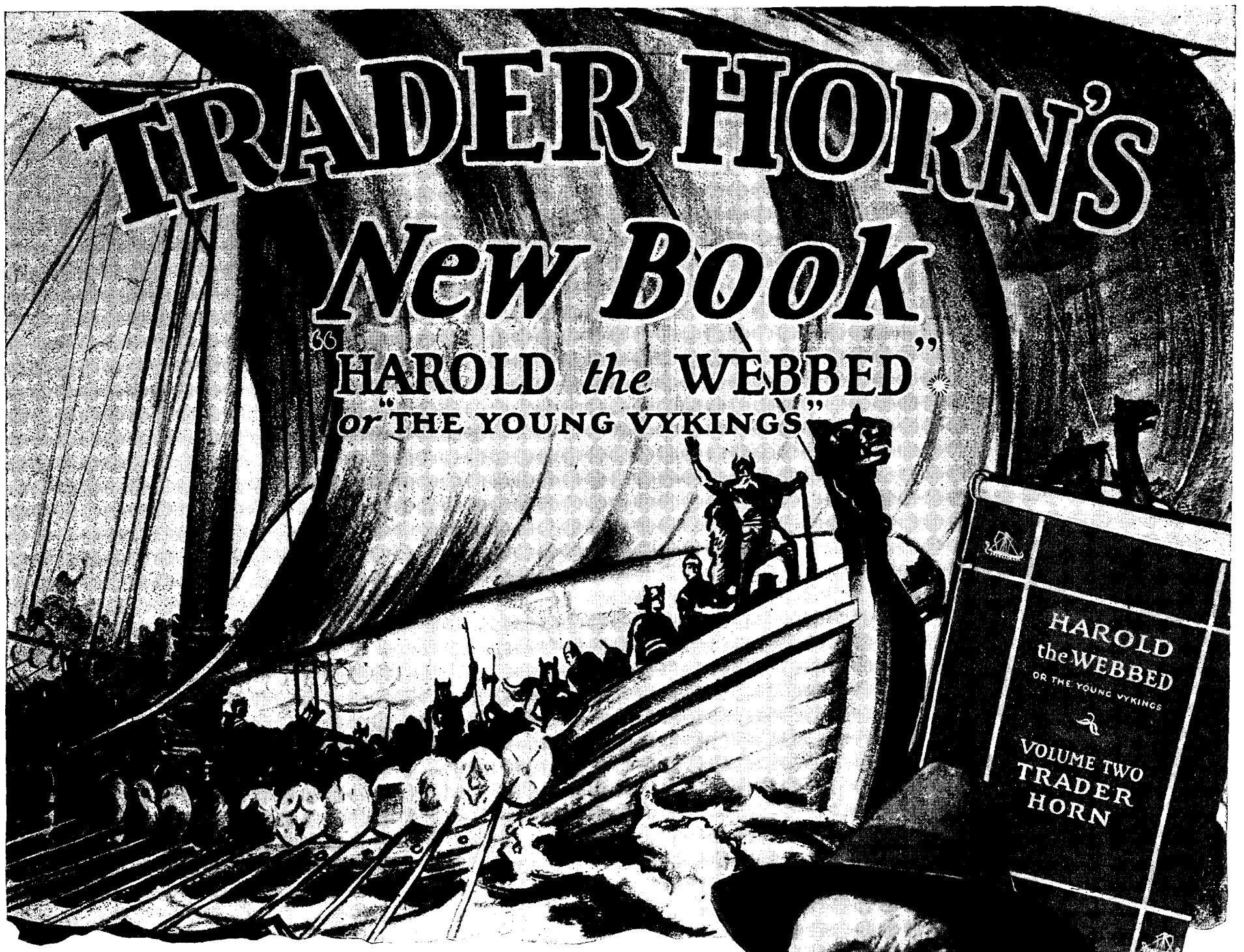

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Sidney Colvin

By Will H. Low

I FANCY that the exact equivalent of the office of the Keeper of the Prints at the British Museum, or of the manner of man that was Sidney Colvin, does not exist in our country. The official position does not correspond with that filled more or less in our museums, where of course there are experts, versed in the history and quality of the various forms of engravings from the time of Altodorfer to, and later than, the Whistler lithographs. The British Museum has them, naturally and many; but above them all Colvin was one who was, more than any of these specialized experts, interested in every manifestation of art, whose critical writing could be classed as literature; and while he undoubtedly possessed a good measure of knowledge, that enabled him to understand and be expert as to the print *per se*, he did not pretend to specialize in that field. It was precisely this broader interest in art of every form that inclined him rather more to literature than to the graphic arts.

In the charming dedicatory letter to his wife, in his latest, and last, volume, "Memories and Notes of Persons and Places" (Scribner, 1922) he speaks of his early days when "I began to try my prentice hand at various forms of critical writing —for of creative I knew myself incapable —in order to define and if it might be to communicate the pleasure which to me were the salt of life."

I have known of none of my compatriots who, from circumstances or by nature, had an equal devotion to these high pleasures, or who, at least, have served so exclusively these pursuits which elsewhere Colvin qualifies as "passions." Possibly the late Russell Sturgis or John La Farge might have qualified under these terms; but Sturgis was rather more of a dilettante, and in La Farge, fortunately, the creative instinct was so strong as to overshadow his amazing critical faculty.

But in the main, it is the contrast between an old and a new country that deprives us of the services of a man like Colvin, in lacking a place and a proper support for him; just as the British Museum, if only by its possession of the Elgin Marbles, excels in scope the most prosperous and best supported of our museums.

Not particularly favored by fortune, though his family was in easy circumstances, after graduation from Cambridge following a brief career as a journalist, as art critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Colvin was called back to his University, to fill the Slade professorship of Art, and the directorship of the Fitzwilliam Museum; and then in turn, was made Keeper of the Prints at the British Museum virtually for his working years. Thus pleasantly provided for by the institutions of his country, though none of these positions was a sinecure, he had ample leisure through life to devote himself to his "passions," and exercise the chiefest of these: to bring into general appreciation and acknowledgement the writers and artists that he esteemed most worthy. His service to Robert Louis Stevenson is perhaps the greatest, for he found him a promising youth and by wise critical encouragement saw him attain a world-wide frame; but prior to this his enthusiasm had been great and his pen had never flagged in praise of the work of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, or Watts, in his days of journalism. Mrs. Clifford, in these columns, only lately, has testified to his abiding interest and continued activity in furthering many other aspirtants for fame in letters and art.

My own rather casual relations with Sidney Colvin began in 1887, when I met him for the first time; but long before that, in Paris, in copious talk with his cousins, Louis and Bob Stevenson, his name had become so familiar to me that I almost fancied I knew him, for I had recognized the name of the writer as one who had introduced me to the works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, one of my earliest "passions," at the age of seventeen; that induced me to procure the Roberts Brothers reprint of his poems 1870, which I still have.

Naturally common affection for and appreciation of R. L. S. was the reason for the extremely kind reception Colvin gave me, but he knew, and was good enough to like, the set of drawings I had made for Keat's "Lamia" which had been published in a large quarto edition two years before, while he was already the author, in the "Men of Letters" series, of the scholarly and sympathetic monograph on Keats.

He at once invited me to dinner, in the imposing house of the Keeper of the Prints within the gates of the Museum, and this, the first of a number such invitations in following years, was strangely impressive at its outset to a quasi-stranger, an American, in London. One hailed a hansom—it was before the days of motor cars—and gave the direction, "British Museum," to have the paternal cabby say, "Can't go there, Sir, the Museum closes at six." A reiterated order induced the hansom to move on, and we arrived and stopped before the impressive pile. From a sentry box behind the gates, there appeared an aged person, wearing a high hat encircled by a gold band, quite an imposing figure, with an air of something between a Prime Minister and a pensioner of the days of Nelson and Trafalgar. He saluted, on being told that Mr. Colvin awaited me, and then summoned two lesser servants of the British Empire, who producing capstan bars from a recess, worked some hidden machinery that caused the ponderous gates to open slowly, and the now thoroughly abashed cabby was directed to the house of the Keeper of the Prints at the right. But whether this ceremonial had anything to do with conserving the traditions of the British Empire or not, Sidney Colvin's manner of receiving a guest was simple and cordial, nor did I find his house bleak in any respect. We dined alone. He was a bachelor, as our meeting preceded by many years his marriage to Mrs. Sitwell, and he explained that he had invited no other guests, as we had much to talk over.

After dinner we went into the drawing-room, and the talk turning on Keats, my host, sent into the Museum proper, and had brought to us, many rare books of the poet in their first editions, and a large folio of Piranesi's etchings, among which he thought he identified the immortal Grecian Urn, that is shown in the *Vasi E Candelabri* from an original that existed in Holland house, and from one or the other of which Keats may have received his inspiration. Naturally there was much interchange of conversation about Stevenson, who had just been summoned to Edinburgh to the bedside of his dying father. I had known, almost as intimately as Colvin, of the early misunderstandings from which Louis had suffered keenly, as he admired and loved his father; and was glad to hear a reaffirmation that these quarrels had long ceased and that a perfect comprehension between father and son had now existed for years.

On one point Colvin was a trifle critical, basing his remarks on a copy of my "Lamia" which he had in from the Museum among the other books. (I was not a little proud to find that my book was there, though as an English edition had been published, from sheets sent over, it was quite natural.) His criticism I had met before, and was prepared to combat. I had wilfully taken liberties with the text of my author. For instance, in "Lamia" Hermes is described as having

. . . golden hair
Fallen in jealous curls about his shoulders bare,

which, had I been working in color, would have permitted a very charming Corregio-like rendition of the god; but confined to black and white, in my drawings, I had chosen to keep nearer the classic inspiration from which Keats himself had derived the poem, and make my Mercury more like the antique models. I believe my author would have forgiven me, and I reminded Colvin that he had made strictures about the unfortunate influence of Leigh Hunt and Haydon upon Keats, prompting him to certain exuberances, that but for these influences he would have avoided. Colvin finally agreed with me, I think, his meticulous scholarship perhaps maintaining a certain reserve.

It would be difficult to be more simple, courteous, and cordial than I found my host that evening, or indeed on the occasions in after years when I met him. All this with a certain sedate reserve which permeated even his gaiety; as when ten days or so later I dined again with him, this time in company with Bob Stevenson and Henley, when the latter, at a given moment, characteristically, exploded in wrath because the butler provided no cognac among the various liqueurs, with which the dinner finished. It had been gay, always restrained, and sedate enough, with Bob Stevenson talking remarkably well, as always, in a manner that defies reproduction, when George, the old butler who served Colvin many years, and had, I believe, been in the service of his father before him, proffered the tray of cordials to Henley from which, by some oversight, brandy had been omitted.

The poet's voice arose: "*Brandy, I want some brandy. Can't I have some brandy, Colvin?*" It was brought, and peace was restored.

On two other occasions of visits to London these pleasant relations were preserved. At one time Colvin exercised his authority and influence to help me with introductions to Mr. (he was not then Sir) Henry Tate, the donor of the gallery and the collection of paintings at Milbank, (which, in his interest, was to be "a benefit to the middle classes like the Luxembourg in Paris"), to the Earl of Carlisle, and to a Trustee of the National Gallery, a portion of which, temporarily closed to the public, I wished to penetrate,—and to other collectors and owners of special pictures, that were of use to me in a popular and, necessarily superficial, series of articles on "A Century of Painting," published in *McClure's Magazine* in 1896. I found him the same sedate person, outwardly reserved; but whenever the necessity arose, heartily interested to forward the purpose of one who had no particular claim upon him.

He gave the impression, rare, I think, among those who follow the hazardous life of literature or the arts, of absolute security, of a life sheltered, protected, and consecrated to those useful adjuncts of civilization, the arts, by the wise beneficence of his people, in full appreciation of the value of the arts, as a part of their national patrimony. I had long been familiar with what I may call a like national attitude in the French social system in regard to arts and letters, but to find it in a nation speaking my own language (with a slightly different accent at times) I thought gratifying, and in Colvin's case I considered its benefits well bestowed. His long service of sympathy in furthering by his influence and his writings the cause of letters and arts was rewarded on his retirement from his official position by further honors; he was knighted; and he then turned to his monumental task of writing the critical Life of John Keats in two volumes. This he accomplished in such a manner that his work seems likely to serve for all time as the definitive life of the poet, and makes one regret that he failed to do as much for R. L. S.

But with all Colvin's regard for the proprieties, his submission to ordinary conventional standards, there was the largest tolerance with those who disregarded them, if they had other compensatory qualities. "I fear you must throw away your cigarette," I remember his saying one day, as we issued from his house, "We are not allowed to smoke in the courtyard of the museum"; but he had no reproof for Stevenson (who in his early days dearly loved to flout all that was conventional) when he, in the early morning hours, chose to walk around the Monument in his pajamas! Nor had the cousins succeeded, in much earlier days, in wearying his patience, when they entered the Royal Academy, and sought Colvin where he stood garbed, like an English gentleman, in afternoon dress, surrounded by a bevy of damsels eager to listen to an art critic. The cousins were clad in the roughest of garments, with knit jerseys in the guise of waistcoats. "Say we are two sea-faring men whose esthetic education you've undertaken," grinned Louis as, with his cousin, he invaded the circle. *Tout comprendre est tout pardonner*, may be tritely quoted as best describing Colvin, for in his long life he must have had to exercise much tact and patience with the varying characters of those in whose fortunes and reputation he was so influential. He never even showed that he was disturbed by the boisterous Henley, whose poetry at least he liked!

Withal, he was, in regard to his own work, exceedingly critical if not humble, as the extract with which I began would seem to prove, and I am tempted, in conclusion, to quote a passage from a private letter written only a year ago to an American admirer, who moreover did not care for Stevenson.

I am only sorry you do not share my loving admiration of R. L. S., I mean, as a writer, apart from what he earned as a man. In my view all that I have ever written, or tried to write, is not worth as literature any half a dozen casual sentences of his.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE FOUR JAMESES. By WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON. Ottawa: The Graphic Publishers. 1927. $2.

At first we could not quite make out whether this work was intended seriously or as a "spoof." The bibliography appended would lead one to suppose it entirely serious. And there is a great deal of documentation throughout the book, though not beyond the imaginative ability of a very clever writer. Internal evidence would seem, however, to make it certain that James Gay, the Poet Laureate; James McIntyre, the Cheese Poet; James D. Gillis, and James McRae were—and are—actual people. In America we have had our own James Gordon Coogler and James Byron Elmore. In all English-speaking countries humble, local poets can be counted by the hundreds, if not by the thousands. We have known several avid collectors of such works and the books of such bards took up considerable shelf-room in their libraries. Mr. Deacon's quotations are priceless, but he writes always in a most mellow and sympathetic mood. What manner of men were the four Jameses? Mr. Deacon lists the vocations they represented as

Carpenter, gun-smith, saw-filer, hotel-keeper, showman, furniture-maker, merchant, sugar-maker, undertaker, farmer, surveyor, sawmill-hand, attendant in lunatic asylum, school teacher, watchman, and laborer. On an average, each of them had practical knowledge of four callings; and in venturing to speak for one's fellowmen it is some advantage to have handled a shovel or pitch-fork with them.

James Gay was aware of his fame before he died. He wrote to Lord Tennyson:

Dear Sir:
Now Longfellow is gone there are only two of us left. There ought to be no rivalry between us two.

James D. Gillis, who wrote the narrative masterpiece concerning the Cape Breton Giant, also invented a "Four Pole Map of the World." James McIntyre, the "Ingersoll Cheese Poet," was a man of superb versatility, and James McRae's *magnum opus*, "An Ideal Courtship," is rich with lines of the calibre of:

And to keep up correspondence with his darling he would then
Have to change his vocal organs for the mail-bag and the pen.

This is a very slight indication of the enjoyment one can find in Mr. Deacon's book. His supplementary section on "The Ladies: God Bless Them!" touching lightly on some local poetesses, and the examples he culls from the journalistic prose of Newfoundland, reveal other treasures of literature. This book would have delighted Charles Lamb and Robert Southey. It turns up fresh furrows in a field too little tilled. One could wish that so ardent an appreciator as, for instance, Mr. Louis Untermeyer, who has for years, as an avocation, collected the curious masterpieces of the humbler singers of the United States, would do a similar treatise upon them.

Biography

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND WALT WHITMAN. By WILLIAM E. BARTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.75.

THE WOMAN LINCOLN LOVED. The same. $5.

Mr. Barton's "Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman" is the better of his two recent books on Lincoln. It contains the results of industrious investigation of the popular beliefs that the poet and the statesman knew each other and that each held the other in high esteem. Dr. Barton has searched for every scrap of evidence bearing upon the question and concludes that, although Whitman saw Lincoln several times—on two occasions at the White House—they never spoke to each other. He reproduces, among numerous Whitman letters and poems, the letter written from New York, in 1865, and signed by "A Van Rensellaer," containing the oft-quoted remark which the writer ascribes to Lincoln, who, upon observing Whitman, said: "Well, he looks like a man."

The author traces Whitman's employment at Washington during the Civil War, first in the hospital service and later as a clerk in the Interior and the Treasury Departments. He is convinced that Whitman's service as a "wound dresser" has been "vastly overestimated." The poet's dismissal from the Interior Department clerkship, on the ground that his service, and that of others dismissed at the same time, was not needed was probably due, in part, to Secretary Harlan's discovery of his authorship of "Leaves of Grass," which the Secretary regarded as an immodest performance. This was the motive ascribed to the cabinet officer, at the time, by Whitman's friends. Chapter twelve is an interesting parallel study of Lincoln and Whitman, showing that, in spite of the wide personal difference between the men, both shared the spirit of prophecy and both believed in the sanity and justice of the democratic ideal. The book reproduces Whitman's lecture on Lincoln, first delivered in New York in 1879 and later on in various cities of the country. The observations on Whitman's character and personality add nothing to our present knowledge.

This book is better written than the author's "The Women Lincoln Loved," which opens with a chapter on Lucy Hanks and contains no material the author has not previously published. The chapters on Sarah Bush Lincoln, Sarah Lincoln Grigsby, Betsy Sparrow, Bathsheba Lincoln, and Lincoln's mother are made up of facts previously published. The chapters on the Johnston girls, Lincoln's stepsisters, on Kary Roby, Caroline Meeker, and Polly Warnick are of no value from the viewpoint of information. Of the last three chapters, on Ann Rutledge, Mary Owens, and Mary Todd, the discussion of Mary Todd, filling more than a third of the book, is by far the most important. Much of the material in the preceding chapters is the author's *obiter dicta*. In this last chapter he adduces evidence to support his conclusions. It is the ablest consideration and defense of Mrs. Lincoln so far published.

Education

NEW SCHOOLS IN NEW RUSSIA. By *Lucy L. W. Wilson*. Vanguard. $1.

HELPS FOR THE TEACHER. By *Wilhelmina Harper* and *Aymer Jay Hamilton*. Macmillan.

THE MIND OF THE GROWING CHILD. Edited by *Viscountess Erleigh*. Oxford University Press.

EIGHT-YEAR OLD MERCHANTS. By *Leila V. Scott*. Greenberg. $2.

Fiction

QUEX. Bu DOUGLAS JERROLD. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1928. $2.

Artemus Quex is an English go-getter and Jerrold Douglas has chronicled his every *coup* from his clerkship to his final fling at empire tapping. The opening chapters in the book are appetite whetting: the young Artemus Quex is shown imbibing the axioms of an abortionist with which to help himself on to the lower rungs of the financial ladder. Even as a child this Quex was a realist; he never read books "because he knew instinctively that there was no money in them, and he never played games for the same reason." Babbitt is a highly emotional type compared with Quex. The latter's early annexations of other people's businesses are amusing but very soon he deteriorates into an exceedingly mechanical device for accomplishment of Mr. Jerrold's purposes. Incidents and characters are marshaled onto the scene for Quex to have his way with and are hustled off again so that he may be free for the next. The novel is said to have been very popular in England and no one reading "Quex" will deny the author's ease of craftsmanship.

BIRDS AROUND THE LIGHT. By JACOB PALUDAN. Translated from the Danish by GRACE ISABEL COLBRON. Putnam. 1928.

The bleakness of the western coast of Denmark comes to us in this novel. We see a small community whose hopes are aroused when the government promises to build a great breakwater and make a harbor for the settlement; prosperity, they think, must surely come. And in a night-marish sort of way, come it does; nevertheless, the ultimate note of the narrative is tragedy, both for the characters and for the harbor-works. Throughout, the sea and the wind dominate the story. Unfortunately, there is no one central character (other than the ocean) to interest us; many of the incidents are of little discernible value to the plot. We do find, to be sure, two or three excellent passages of description, but usually the writing is heavy and uncertain.

TOUCOUTOU. By EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.50.

This story of life in the colorful New Orleans of the 1850's, written by the author of "Lafcadio Hearn's American Days," is a first novel, and like most first novels, faulty in craftsmanship. Its backgrounds are admirably built up, carefully detailed and convincing; they have a Belascoesque solidity and realism so solid and real as to throw into relief the faulty character drawing, which is the principal defect in what is in the face of its faults often a highly interesting book.

"Toucoutou," which is a nickname given to Anastasie, the heroine of the story, because of her youthful rotundity, long ago got herself into a New Orleans ballad, sung about the streets, in which the tragedy of her black blood was made the subject of jest. In the novel, Toucoutou, brought up by a mulatto woman as her foster-child—her parents are supposed to have been Swiss—marries a white man, believing herself to be white, and is at last discovered to be the real daughter of Claircine, who has reared her.

Perhaps this is plot enough, but it does not seem adequate the way it is handled. Claircine, the former mistress of a young French plantation owner, is a splendidly done and appealing character, the best in the book, but the grown-up Toucoutou loses the reader's interest—and therefore, sympathy—and the white man she marries remains pretty much of a lay figure.

That much on the debit side. On the credit side, there is an admirably done opening chapter on a yellow fever epidemic, with few, if any, of the grewsome details omitted; there is an unforgettable picture of the dancing of the negroes in the ancient Place Congo; there are glimpses of many phases of life in New Orleans among the lower strata of society. Mr. Tinker points out with great care that he is not writing of Creoles, but of the "creolasse," the Creoles' own designation for the people of humble station.

The book itself was designed and decorated by the author and is unusually attractive to look at. There is a good short glossary of creole words and phrases thoughtfully provided for the reader not familiar with Louisian usages.

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By *Augustus Ralli*, author of "A Guide to Carlyle."—"The chapters dealing with the Brontës reveal a fine warmth of appreciation. He throws a fresh light on the lonely soul of Edward FitzGerald. The closing paper is an urbane yet stanch defense of the oft-ridiculed Mr. Boswell."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune*. $4.20

SPENSER IN IRELAND

By *Pauline Henly, M. A.*—Much new information about Spenser's habits, acts and writing. Spenser went to Ireland in 1580, hoping to get there the lands and fortune which he lacked in England. Most of his poetry was written in Ireland, where he lived off and on until his death. $2.40

A Final Burning of Boats

By *Dame Ethel Smyth*.—This well-known woman composer will be recalled by the literary world for her "Streaks of Life." This new book also consists of adventures, both actual and spiritual, portraits of interesting personalities and essays on various topics. "She is the Margot Asquith of the musical world."—*Christian Science Monitor*. $4.00

POEMS

By *S. de V. Julius*.—The author has lived many years in Asia, and the background for these poems are largely derived from that setting. The more serious poems are of the love existing beneath the outward aspect of nature. Forty sonnets, one long poem and twenty-eight other pieces are included. $2.40

WORLD'S PILGRIM

By *Eva Gore-Booth*.—This collection of eight "Imaginary Conversations" between world pilgrims in search of Beauty and Truth was written between 1914 and 1926. Conversations between "Buddha and Pathagoras," "The Woman of Samaria and a Jew," and others. $1.40

CHUNG-YUNG: or The Centre, The Common

Translated by *Leonard A. Lyall* and *King Chien-Kun*.—A work on Confucian philosophy. The Chung-Yung contains explanations of rites performed in olden times by the Emperors of China, in their ancestral temples. The underlying principles are pointed out which make for a clearer understanding of the teachings of Confucius. $2.40

Write for particulars regarding the Longmans, Green and Company Prize Juvenile Book Contest

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

KNUCKLES. By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND. Harper. 1928. $2.

There is a soothing air of competence in "Knuckles." Mr. Kelland offends no one, he is never absurd, and he tells a story that is almost always entertaining. The novel is a rural mystery yarn, wherein a mismanaged lumber property and a small Vermont town play major parts. For characters we have a family of New Yorkers who have been unwillingly transplanted to this hamlet, several rustic eccentrics, and a couple of satisfactorily treacherous villains. All these elements combine with romance into a narrative that carries us pleasantly along towards the solution of the numerous difficulties. "Knuckles" will satisfy those who demand that their fiction be active and explicit.

OLD ENCHANTMENT. By LARRY BARRETTO. John Day. 1928. $2.

In "Old Enchantment" we see family pride running amuck and doing its best to wreck the lives of two young people. The narrative is unpleasant in its revelation of the silliness and futility to which a decayed gentlewoman may descend in order to preserve intact her own sterile gentility. At the end of the novel she is found forlorn in an Old Ladies' Home, and we largely lose our resentment as we see her so pitiably beaten in her pretensions. As for the young folks: the nephew marries a factory girl with an illegitimate baby; the niece, after months of degradation as a dancer in a night club, marries an apparently worthless patron of the establishment. Thus family pride has ruined a generation. We may be pardoned, perhaps, for suggesting that the ruin is too complete, the new state too radically different from the old. Mr. Barretto did not need to hammer the point home quite so conscientiously.

The novel is always very pleasant reading; only rarely does it descend from a high level of technical excellence. Mr. Barretto writes a graceful and sensitive prose; he has the power to stir our emotions.

NOT TO BE OPENED. By LLOYD OSBORNE. Cosmopolitan. 1928. $2.

Lloyd Osborne, stepson and occasional collaborator with Stevenson introduces the heroine of this detective tale on a Canadian ranch west of the Rockies. But the New World has no bearing on the story and she is quickly returned to her native London. A rateful letter entrusted to her by her father before his (apparent) suicide, with instructions not to be opened for a year after his death, is the pivot of the mystery. For its sake she is shadowed by detectives and nearly outwitted by a dashing cavalier, whose fascination is rather explained than conveyed.

The book just escapes being genuinely interesting. But at each moment of climax the spirit of the denoûément gets out before the telling. One "gets" the hero-villain before the characters do and one is rather bored at their protestations of what one knows already. The amateur detective, Freddy, charming war-hero and ne'er do well younger son, follows up clews ingeniously, but too slowly for the galloping reader. He is the best character in the book, gay, chivalrous, courageous, ineffectual, lovable. The style is easy and interest is constant. The criticism (but a harsh one for a detective story) is that one *can* lay it down.

ALL THE KING'S HORSES. By LOUIS STEVENS. John Day. 1928. $2.

In a meaty and constantly interesting novel, Mr. Stevens shows us the aristocracy of Budapest during and after the Great War. "All the King's Horses" is a saddening narrative, for the decline and fall that it records is one of the most dispiriting episodes of the European catastrophe. Our sympathies are constantly with these members of a decaying nobility; we follow them in their struggles and we feel their tragedies with them. Indeed, our only adverse criticism of the novel is that Mr. Stevens has told us too much, has brought too many characters to us, with the result that "All the King's Horses" is occasionally difficult to follow. But it is an honest and a moving story, a most attractive addition to the chronicles of post-War hardships. It should please many types of readers; it can offend no one.

The Wits' Weekly

Competition No. 34. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing Poem with a Serious Moral. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of June 18.)

Competition No. 35. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most convivial Prohibitionists' Drinking Song. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of June 25.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

PRIZES AWARDED. THE TWENTY-EIGHTH COMPETITION

THE prize of fifteen dollars for the best lyric in Analyzed Rhyme has been awarded by Mr. Frank Kendon to Frances H. Gaines for her "Snow on the Hills" which was printed here a few weeks ago. Mr. Kendon also warmly commends, in the following order, Bertha Lee Gardner, Deborah C. Jones (for two poems, one of which, "Penelope," has already been printed), Helen Lathrop, and Homer M. Parsons. Here is Miss Gardner's "To an Aviator Walking on F Street."

Do your deep eyes hold visions of far places
The while these avid shopping crowds you thread,
Watch some last lonely shore grow dim and fade,—
Among these throngs intent on bargain dresses?

And is your soul moved with a godlike pity
That these know not the wind-swept sky's ablution,—
Low, musty lives enmeshed in mean ambition,
Forever dead to daring, blind to beauty?

Or hastes it from the thin air's desolation
To find poor human joys now sweeter grown,
Upon earth's warm, familiar breast to strain
And cuddle close with all a child's devotion?

Mr. Kendon also describes as excellently clever R. Desha Lucas's imitation of Ronsard.

REFRAISCHY MOY LE VIN DE SORTE
Regale me with good pre-war stuff,
Old wine frappé or glowing Scotch,
And send for Jenny, or some such,
To flick her uke and help us scoff.
We'll try that new black-bottom step;
What jazzy capers we will cut!
And let's have Babs, who loves to pet—
The one whose mop is buttercup...

How rapidly the days hop-off!
Tomorrow's out of reach of fun—
The liquor in my glass is gone!
Keep pouring till I say enough.
That bird is surely out of luck
Who lets uplifters make him quit;
No one in his right senses but
From love and liquor claims a kick.

* * *

THE THIRTY-FIRST COMPETITION

Later mails brought no more elegies on the old Back Bay Station at Boston. Thus nothing need be added to my comments in last week's issue except that The Bowling Green recommends for the prize my own choice of Deborah C. Jones. Mr. Morley's second preference was for the elegy by R. Desha Lucas which I hope to print in a later issue. Mrs. Jones's prize-winning entry has already been printed in "The Wits' Weekly."

* * *

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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Fiction

BEHIND THE DEVIL SCREEN. By MAUD KECK and OLIVE ORBISON. Washburn. 1928. $2.

The perils and adventures of an American twin brother and sister, nicknamed Punch and Judy, experienced while sojourning in Peking unattended by their nurse, provide the strenuous action of this somewhat gaudy and flatulent novel. The pair unwittingly provoke the wrath of powerful mandarins and high priests because Punch has acquired a venerated Celestial pearl, the mate of which a mature he-man of their acquaintance has recently bought from a Chinese bandit. So the trio of foreigners are subjected to the unleashed fury of the natives, which results in the twins being separately kidnaped while the he-man is hard put to it to effect their rescue. The pseudo-mysterious atmosphere of the inscrutable and sinister East, inseparable from tales of this kind, is laid on with vast thickness and verbosity.

THE SON OF THREE FATHERS. By *Gaston Leroux*. Macaulay. $2.

THE YOUNGEST ONE. By *Katharine Haviland Taylor*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

THINGS IS GOIN' AS USULE. By *Jane Baldwin Cotton*. Marshall Jones. $1.

THERESE. By *Francois Maurice*. Translated by Eric Sutton. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

AIMEE VILLARD. By *Charles Silvestre*. Macmillan. $1.75.

THE FORBIDDEN WOMAN. By *Frances Mocatta*. $2.

ROGUE'S MARCH. By *Margaret Turnbull*. Lippincott. $2.

THE RIVER. By *Tristram Tupper*. Lippincott. $2.50.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BARREN LANDS. By *Ridgwell Cullum*. Lippincott. $2.

THE HOUSE OF SUN-GOES-DOWN. By *Bernard de Voto*. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE RESPECTABLE LADY. By *Katharine Tynan*. Appleton. $2.

THE EMERALD TIGER. By *Edgar Jepson*. Macy-Masius. $2.

THE BRIDE OF THE SACRED WELL. By *Emma Lindsay Squier*. Cosmopolitan. $2.

THE LAST BOHEMIA. By *Francis Carco*. Holt. $3.

TOUCOULON. By *Edward Larocque Tinker*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE ETERNAL MOMENT. By *E. M. Forster*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

CRANMER PAUL. By *Rolf Bennett*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

THE FRIEND OF ANTAEUS. By *Gerard Hopkins*. Dutton. $2.50.

LOVE AND I. By *Eduah Aiken*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

HELEN. By *Georgette Heyer*. Longman's. $2.

THE HAWK OF COMO. By *John Oxenham*. Longman's.

HONEYMOON MILLIONS. By *Stewart M. Emery*. Dutton. $2.

BEHIND THAT CURTAIN. By *Earl Derr Biggers*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

Government

THE CHALLENGE. By *William G. McAdoo*. Century. $2.

THE SANCTITY OF LAW. By *John W. Burgess*. Harper. $3.50.

LET FREEDOM RING. By *Arthur Garfield Hays*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

HOW WE GOT OUR LIBRARIES. By *Lucius B. Swift*. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $2.50.

THE INQUIRING MIND. By *Zechariah Chafee, Jr.* $2.50.

SECOND CHAMBERS: AN INDUCTIVE STUDY IN POLITICAL SCIENCE. By *Sir John A. R. Marriott*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

DRIFTING SANDS OF PARTY POLITICS. By *Oscar W. Underwood*. Century. $3.50.

PARADOXES OF LEGAL SCIENCE. By *Benjamin N. Cardozo*. New York: Columbia University Press. $2.50.

CONSTRUCTIVE CITIZENSHIP. By *L. P. Jacks*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

PARTY PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICAL POLITICS. By *Stuart Lewis*. Prentice-Hall Co.

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker's summer headquarters will be at 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea, London.

V. S., Seattle, Wash., asks for collections of poems to heighten the study of trees, flowers and birds.

LONGMANS, GREEN has just brought out one called "Mirror of Youth," compiled by Marion King, and intended especially for young men and women in summer camps. It has groups of out-of-door poems, poems of sentiment and adventure, religious and patriotic verse, humorous poetry, and negro songs and spirituals. "The Gypsy Trail" (Kennerley) is one of the most popular of out-of-door anthologies: if I ever make a list of this sort and accidentally leave it out some indignant admirer writes to ask why, and two of them have sent me copies of the book. "Nature Lover's Knapsack," compiled by E. O. Groves (Crowell) is a recent addition to portable poetry: this book is small and the selections inspiring and unhackneyed. "The Melody of Earth" (Houghton Mifflin) is one of the treasured collections made by Mrs. Waldo Richards; it has poems not only of woods and fields but of gardens. And, of course, one may always fall back on the sections devoted to nature poetry in "The Home Book of Verse" and "The Home Book of Modern Verse" (Holt).

G. W. L., Bellingham, Wash., wishes a group of readings in English presenting an unbiased opinion of German history and also of social, political, economical, and educational problems of modern Germany.

"A SHORT History of Germany," by Ernest Flagg Henderson (Macmillan), is the book that comes first to mind whenever an English work on this subject is needed by a "general reader." The new edition, in two volumes, carries the story to Sarajevo: the first fifteen centuries are rapidly considered and the body of the book given to the period since 1517. From 1914 on the story is told by the famous historian, George Peabody Gooch, in "Germany" (Scribner), one of the admirable volumes in the series known as "The Modern World"—Sir Valentine Chirol's "India" is another of these, and so is Dean Inge's "England." I have a deep respect for the writings of Professor Gooch, to whose works I find myself constantly referring; I don't know how many times I have found light on some point by looking it up in his "History of Modern Europe" (Holt).

There is any amount of documentation for study of modern Germany, in books that have appeared within the past few weeks or months. "The Rise of the German Republic," by H. G. Daniels (Scribner), goes from the Armistice to the establishment of the Dawes Plan. "Germany Ten Years After" (Houghton), by George H. Danton, exchange professor at Leipzig, describes the new nation, transformed as to politics and economics: it discusses changes in educational and social ideals, and the ebullition of creative energy in the arts. The opening essay in Charles H. Herford's "The Post War Mind of Germany" (Oxford University Press), gives the title to the book: it makes clear to the thoughtful reader why this country did not go the road of Russia. "The American and the German University: a Hundred Years of History," by Charles F. Thwing, has just come from Macmillan, a survey of one of the most important of the relations of the two countries. In Captain Liddell Hart's "Reputations Ten Years After" (Little, Brown) two of the generals undergoing revaluation are German; two are American, four French, and two English. The chapter on General Hunter Liggett—which marks up the price-tag—falls in well with the publication of his own straightforward, manly story "A. E. F.," lately published by Dodd, Mead. I am not much on military history, but I did enjoy both of these, so I can confidently pass them on to the non-military.

Now that we are on the subject of Germany, it should be added that at last we are to have material through which the non-German-reading student may get an idea of the Romantic Movement in that country. I wish I had had "Fiction and Fantasy of German Romance" (Oxford University Press) years ago: it would have saved me some eyesight, for I was deeply interested in the Romantic Movement in music and anxious to trace its counterpart in literature. Then I had to stand the crabbed characters of old-style German type, but this book of translated selections from 1790 to 1830 would have answered my purpose. It is prepared by Professors Pierce and Schreiber.

A reader relays the following: "Is there not some novel suitable for review purposes on a club program, which has its setting somewhere along the Mediterranean? 'Trader Horn' comes from too far South. Ludwig's 'Napoleon' has been read, and I wish we might have a book which would have beautiful passages of description and still be a novel worthy of review purposes, not merely a guidebook."

THE novel that comes at once to my mind is Thornton Wilder's first, "The Cabala" (A. & C. Boni), now happily brought to general attention by the success of "San Luis Rey"—though whether it be altogether happy that caviar of this quality should be thrust upon the general, remains to be seen. Anyway, caviar has a high nutritive value. The scene is Rome and its neighborhood; the descriptive passages, though not in the way, are of such high visibility that one remembers them like pictures, and as for permanent value, it will be a long day before one who has lived through the episode of Mlle. de Morfontaine and the Cardinal will forget it—or desire to do so.

The only book I know at all like it is Percy Lubbock's "Roman Pictures" (Scribner), and this really resembles it more in graces than in significance. Or there is Henry Festing Jones's "Castellanaria"—if you can get it. The only place I know in which to look for one of the most alluring and distinctive books of modern travel is in that second-hand shop along Whitehall where the bus stops—and even that may have sold out its stock of remainders in the two years since I saw them there. Of course, there is Ibañez's "Mare Nostrum," which is all but a guidebook, but the call seems to be for a recent publication. "The Earthen Lot," by Bradda Field (Harcourt, Brace) caught my attention by its curious quiet intensity in everyday details of life on Malta, a place where I now feel I must have lived.

B. B. B., Hueneme, Cal., interested in competitive exhibitions of original designs by children, is at a loss to decide just what an original design may be, within the scope of such an enterprise. Some of the designs praised by teachers and onlookers seem to her to show little or no creative quality, the appearance of it coming from deft rearrangement of familiar material. What books would be valuable in setting up a standard?

LET the committee in charge procure from Knopf "A Method for Creative Design," by Adolfo Best-Maugard, and see if it does not sweep like a bright breeze through the efforts of copycats. The pictures and the text are invaluable for anyone interested in the free development of children's artistic sense. "The Art of Seeing," by Charles Herbert Woodbury and Elizabeth Perkins (Scribner), is another book for such a library. The subtitle is "mental training through drawing," and it is enlarged from a small book, "Observation," that gave teachers a new slant on their work. The magazine *Progressive Education*, published quarterly at Washington, D. C., had a number devoted entirely to paintings and drawings by children, most of them reproduced in color and all well worth inclusion.

K. H. S., Louisville, Ky., wishes any sort of book with a set of genealogical tables of the rulers of the different countries, if possible arranged in the form of a family tree. Most histories give tables for that particular nation, but a universal one is called for.

THE nearest I can come is Putnam's "Tabular Views of Universal History" (Putnam), which puts the world into parallel columns, packing the centuries into a neat book scarcely more than pocket-sized. But this seems to call for reinforcement: this is the sort of question that in the nature of things should be turned over to the scouts of this department.

J. T. B., Boulder, Colorado, tells C. E. E., interested in Cornwall travel books, that the London and Southwestern Railway publishes a number of booklets on Cornwall and Wales "which beat ours for abundance and judiciousness of information offered without a suspicion of boosting."

H. L., Boston, Mass., asks for an unhackneyed choice for a man's book, non-fiction, something about games or outdoors.

WHY not get "Roping," by Chester Byers (Putnam), which has a preface by Will Rogers. This is a book of directions for the sport of spinning the rope. I have seen a staid New England village bewitched to a boy within the year by the passing through of a summer visitor who could spin the rope, and I know, having been myself one of the possessed, that it is as provoking a trick to learn as Rogers says it is, and as engrossing.

W. A. P., General Service Schools, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan., asks for a bibliography on book-reviewing.

I DO not know books enough about reviewing for newspapers, magazines, or *viva voce*, to furnish forth anything that could be called a bibliography, and I would be glad of help from readers on this point. "The Free-Lance Writer's Handbook" (Writer Pub. Co., Cambridge, Mass.) is a valuable aid to anyone starting for himself in this field; there are forty articles by as many specialists, a directory of markets, and statements of the needs of 1200 magazines. The section on book-reviewing has "The Morals and Morale of Book-reviewing," by Henry Seidel Canby, and "The Art, Craft, and Mystery of Book-reviewing," by John Bakeless, with an outline of an experiment in giving young writers opportunities to try criticism, in an "Open Forum Tabloid Review." These essays are practical and unhackneyed treatments of their subjects.

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The New Books

Brief Mention

"Summer is icumen in" and with it not only journeyings but books of travel and volumes dealing with nature and the open. In "Lords of the Wild" (Morrow: $2) Samuel Scoville, Jr., gathers together spicy stories of adventuring animals all over the world. Mr. Scoville is at his best on his home ground of Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. When he gets to the tropics or the arctic he inclines toward the sentimental or the sensational. But he is always a good story teller. Nature enters by reflection into the biography by Raymond Gorges of "Ernest Harold Baynes" (Houghton Mifflin: $4), for Mr. Baynes, an ardent naturalist and conservationist, was largely responsible for the preservation of the last of the buffalo, was a successful critic of the nature fakirs, who ran riot some decades ago, a champion of birds, and a defender of scientific vivisection. In writing his life Mr. Gorges has chronicled the career of a lovable and useful man.

Those many city workers whose thoughts turn when spring sets in to the mountain lands where they hope to spend their summer holidays will find in Walter Collins O'Kane's "Trails and Summits of the Adirondacks" (Houghton Mifflin: $2.50) a useful guidebook to the tramps and climbs of that section. It is a compact little volume, which amplifies its information as to routes by adding historical and descriptive accounts of the mountains and a sketch map of them. It contains an index. Adventures in the open undertaken not in mere holiday spirit but in the thirst for wealth are given description in R. M. Macdonald's "Opals and Gold" (Lippincott: $4), a book of prospectors' tales, rather stiffly written but containing very interesting accounts of mining for gold, opals, molybdenite, and diving for pearls in Australia and New Guinea. And going still further afield from the book that deals with nature, we find a volume that is a pleasant narrative guidebook in Stephen Gwynn's "Ireland" (Doubleday, Doran: $2). The volume is not good for specific detail of prices and distances, but it is a useful book to take along on a journey to Ireland for atmosphere, background, and things to see and enjoy. Much more information than Baedeker affords for those who go abroad for "a big time," is to be found in Karl K. Kitchin's "Pleasure if Possible" (Henkle: $2.50), an amusing travel guide which enumerates the sprightly places to go to in Europe, and gives the "low-down" on famous watering places and notorious hotels. The traveller to England, who is interested in its monuments and statuary, will find a classified guide, with dates of erection and other details, descriptions, and criticism in Edward Gleichen's "London's Open-Air Statuary" (Longmans, Green: $8). The book is lavishly illustrated. Not so much for the tripper as for the traveller who takes his journeying vicariously is Junius B. Wood's "Incredible Siberia" (Dial: $4). This is a journalistic account of Siberia, rich, however, in observation, anecdote, and statistics.

Apparently for the moment we have exhausted the nature and travel books, and "what'll we do now" (in the words of a volume just issued by Simon & Schuster)? Survey cursorily some of the volumes of biography that have come in such large numbers from the press of late. Houghton Mifflin have reissued under the title "Soldier of the South" ($2.50) and under the editorship of Arthur Crew Inman, letters of General Pickett to his wife. Pickett of Pickett's charge was a romantic Southerner, brave, generous, and a little sentimental. His letters are vivid and appealing, especially those written upon the battlefield and in the difficult days of reconstruction. Rear Admiral Albert S. Barker's "Everyday Life in the Navy" (Badger: $5) is also the record of a fighting man. It is one of those rambling compendiums of an active life which are full of information and adventure, sometimes exciting. From such books as this history is often corrected, if not

(*Continued on page* 959)

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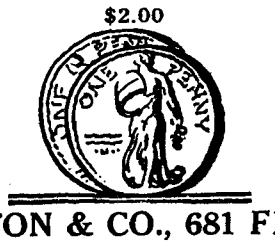

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TUCKED away on the pages of a sectarian periodical, couched in all the typical phrases of a tribute from an enthusiastic disciple to a teacher upon his fiftieth birthday, is a brief account of a man whose quiet, inconspicuous life has already left a significant mark upon American scholarship. The striking thing about the tribute is that the writer of this note, alien by inheritance, training, and environment, shares in fullest measure the enthusiasm of the disciple for Alexander Marx, as "one of the few great Jewish scholars of this generation."

Dr. Marx has spent just half of his life in America, as Professor of History and Librarian of the Jewish Theological Seminary on One Hundred and Twenty-third Street in New York. There he had his reward when, some years ago, a group of devoted friends of the institution made up their minds to take advantage of an opportunity to give New York the greatest library of Hebrew books in the world. Two other theological seminaries in New York, the Union and the General, have libraries of very high quality, but they cannot compare with the treasures, printed and manuscript, which his friends have placed under the care of Dr. Marx. The interest in these books, which are both old and rare, is limited by the subject matter and by the language, but they are illumined by the presence of a custodian whose profound learning is enlivened by the broadest humanism.

The tribute to him, by Boaz Cohen, in "The United Synagogue Recorder," is documented by a bibliography of 206 titles of publications from Dr. Marx's pen.

G. P. W.

THE news that Henry C. Folger has made up his mind to proceed forthwith with his plans for a permanent home in Washington for his Shakespeare collection, gives added interest to a group of items that have been awaiting notice. From the Bodleian Library comes a catalogue of some of the chief treasures at Oxford, modestly entitled "Specimens of Shakespeariana." Falconer Madan is largely responsible, which means that it is gotten up with a refreshing originality in the style of the entries, and that the notes are readable as well as informing.

Mr. Madan also contributed some notes and a preface to an impressive catalogue of *Shakespeareana* issued by Michelmore and Co. of next to the Carlton Hotel in London. There are 734 items, listed at prices which imply that customers are expected to make an offer, from which a compromise may be reached. In certain cases, however, the price is more reasonable than the Shakespearean interest. £200 is not bad as prices go nowadays for Grolier's copy of Basle edition of Cato's "Disticha," a book (but not the edition) which is mentioned by Douce in his "Illustrations." Another far cry is a letter from Professor Robert Chambers written in 1854, ordering a number of books, among them being Knight's "Shakespeare," priced £3. The catalogue entries are generously annotated, and the high percentage of manuscripts and autograph letters gives it permanent value.

American scholarship exhibits itself in a study of "The Variant Issues of Shakespeare's Second Folio," issued by The Institute of Research attached to one of the middle-aged Universities. A younger, albeit larger, sister institution not long ago gave two Ph. D.'s as a reward for the discovery that if a piece of type falls out from between two words in a line, the letters in those words are likely to wriggle back and forth under the pressure of printing. By counting each wriggle a separate edition, the two young students conceived a bibliographical portent. They received their degrees really, however, for interpreting this evidence as proof that their professor knew a great deal more than another professor in a much older University. There are certain parallelisms to this story, in the publication on the Second Folios. The researcher already has his Doctorate and a Professorship safely in hand, so that fame and an international reputation should be his next goal. This maybe explains why he was so completely carried away by the discovery of a dozen errata in a book by Alfred W. Pollard, late "Keeper" of the British Museum, that he did not give any thought, that appears in his publication, to the meaning of the data which had been most laboriously compiled.

By securing detailed information regarding 124 copies of the Second Folio, the investigator has increased the number of recorded variants to nine. This is a thoroughly creditable piece of work, for which other students will be duly grateful. He has also erected an elaborate scheme in which each of the nine is given a carefully prepared place. Everything is arranged in accordance with the most orthodox rules of bibliographical science, as practiced in a previous century. Since then, bibliographical authorities have come to a number of very confusing opinions, of which perhaps the most troublesome is that allowance must always be made for human nature, when dealing with human handiwork. Things were much simpler when, as in this study, it was taken for granted that the correction of an error meant that the corrected form was later than the incorrect. Unluckily, the precise contrary is usually the fact. Similarly, an elaborate argument to determine the priority of certain title pages might have been true, although not necessarily, if there had been only one printer, with only one press, in London in 1632. If, as is known, the printer had several presses and plenty of type, and if it was a common practice to hasten the completion of a piece of work by setting up duplicate texts and putting these on two presses simultaneously, the whole effort becomes a mare's nest.

Bibliographical

THE dispersal of what there is left of the stock accumulated by George D. Smith, and the death of Herschel V. Jones, mark the close of an era in American book collecting. Commercialized collecting, which was its most easily recognized characteristic, did not begin nor end with Smith nor with the men whom he induced to buy books. His personality and career, and his methods of dominating the rare book business, were picturesque, but they seemed novel to his contemporaries only because there was no tradition to preserve the memory of the elder Quaritch, beside whom Smith was the veriest piker. None-the-less, "G.D.S." held the center of the rare book stage in New York and London, and had appeared at Paris, for two spectacular decades.

The alliance between Smith and Henry E. Huntington coincided with economic changes which affected the structure of English life, and opened the way for a succession of memorable coups. Even more fundamental changes, seventy-five years earlier, helped a very similar alliance between Henry Stevens, G. M. B., and James Lenox and John Carter Brown. There were precisely the same complaints about extravagant prices, then as there are now. What is more, the identical moral had been drawn, because of an identical manifestation of the fondness of a few individuals in every age for nice books, at recurrent intervals since the time of Prince Henry, and Duke Humphrey, and Richard de Bury.

Meanwhile, the sales of the George D. Smith stock provide an appropriate culmination to the current auction season, which has been far from spectacular. The catalogues of these sales are well worth studying. They ought to be preserved for use in library schools where there are courses in book purchasing. Here is the record of the books that could not be worked off on customers. With Smith, they were merely by-product, for the most part, often taken in trade, and are not to be interpreted as evidence of errors in judgment. They do reveal the heavy load which accumulates to weigh down a business of

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this character, and there are many illuminating illustrations of the seemingly insignificant things which spoil the market for an otherwise desirable volume.

COSTERIANA

DOUGLAS C. McMURTRIE, 2032 Clyburn Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, writes to The Compleat Collector asking for information which its readers may have about examples of Costeriana.

"In connection with some studies I am making on the invention of printing, I desire to locate all existing examples of fragments of early Dutch printing, which are known, roughly, under the title of "Costeriana." I should much appreciate advice regarding any such material in American ownership, outside of that in the Huntington Library, J. Pierpont Morgan Library. Ann Mary Brown Memorial, New York Public Library, and in the collection of Carl H. Pforzheimer."

A POOR THING

WHY is it that frequently privately printed books are so bad in format and execution? It would seem that a privately printed book were its own excuse for fine printing, on the one hand, or for experimental typography on the other. "Privately printed for subscribers," New York, 1928, comes a tale of Solomon and his girl-love, Sulamith, translated out of the Russian of Alexandre Kuprin by B. G. Guerney, with illustrations by Forbes-Felix. The note preceding the title-page gives the whole thing away: "Printed in 18-point Caslon on Villon antique laid paper. 1500 copies . . . issued for subscribers . . . type distributed after printing . . . illustrations especially designed." Bah! The type is *not* Caslon, the paper is ordinary book paper, the "subscribers" are obviously those who happen to possess the price of copies, linotype slugs are never "distributed," and "especially designed" illustrations is just salesman's ballyhoo. R.

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The first edition of the first *Cross Word Puzzle Book* was 3,200 copies, of *The Story of Philosophy* 3,000 copies; of *Trader Horn, volume one* 3,000 copies.

***Hearst—An American Phenomenon* by JOHN K. WINKLER also went into a second printing before publication. . . . The first reviews, by the way, in *The New York Times, The New York Herald-Tribune, The New York World, The New York Sun* and *The Philadelphia Public Ledger* all confirm *The Inner Sanctum's* enthusiasm for the sheer fascination and the utter impartiality of this exciting chronicle of "*a Modern Monte Cristo.*"**

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***The Inner Sanctum* is bombarded with inquiries regarding the author of that exciting biographical study of *Hearst—An American Phenomenon*, and hastens to explain:**

JOHN K. WINKLER is a newspaperman with more than eighteen years of reportorial and feature-writing experience, many of them on HEARST papers. His specialty has been interviewing men who never give interviews—the MORGANS and the ROCKEFELLERS, for example. To *The Inner Sanctum* JOHN K. WINKLER explains that he is most fascinated by personalities like LUCULLUS, MAECENAS, CASANOVA, CAGLIOSTRO, JOSEPH PULITZER, P. T. BARNUM and LORD NORTHCLIFFE, and in WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST he has found hints of this varied and colorful array.

WINKLER'S celebrated series of five *New Yorker* articles on HEARST was just the first sketch for the full-length canvas now provided in this critical appraisal and human document published in book form.

So many readers of *The Inner Sanctum* have submitted hundred-word essays on the second anniversary of *The Story of Philosophy*, explaining the phenomenon of one million readers of WILL DURANT'S book, that the winning contribution cannot be printed until next week.

—ESSANDESS.

THE PHOENIX NEST

WE have to thank *Pascal Covici* of Chicago for *Richard Aldington's* selections from the works of *Remy de Gourmont*, which he has also translated. Interesting photographs, drawings and woodcuts by *André Rouveyre* of *de Gourmont* illustrate the two volumes. Covici has also brought out a new edition of that priceless poet of the seventies, *Mrs. Julia A. Moore*, "The Sweet Singer of Michigan," with an introduction by *Walter Blair* of the University of Chicago. We have long revelled in the Sweet Singer's work, an early first, as we remember it, being a treasured possession of our family. This has, however, long been lost or stored away, and this new edition fills a long-felt need . . . .

Donald Friede, lately of Boni & Liveright, has now joined forces with Covici, and is vice president of Covici, Friede Inc., publishers, at 79 West 45th Street, this city. Their first book will be the first definitive edition in modern English of the complete works of *François Villon*, translated with an introduction by *J. U. Nicolson*, and illustrated by *Alexander King*. This will be issued in two volumes, limited to nine hundred and sixty sets, and sold at twenty dollars. The complete French text will be printed on the left hand page and the translation on the right hand page opposite it. The publication date will be June twenty-first. . . .

Kenneth Slade Alling, the poet, sends us the following line from a ship of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique:

> This boat (ship) takes eight days and a Havre.

. . . . We read with interest of pilgrims *from all parts of* England attending the performance of *John Masefield's* miracle play, "The Coming of Christ," when it was given recently in Canterbury Cathedral. We understand that some objection was made in regard to the impossibility of recapturing the spirit of the miracle plays of the Middle Ages. True, doubtless but we should have liked to witness the play in such surroundings, we must confess. . . .

One afternoon recently *Elliott White Springs*, the editor of "War Birds" and the author of "Leave them with a Smile," invited *Burton Rascoe*, ex-editor of *The Bookman*, to fly to Richmond, Virginia, with him to have dinner with *Ellen Glasgow* and *James Branch Cabell*. They took off from Curtiss Field in Mr. Springs's plane and were in time for their dinner engagement. . . .

Dhan Gopal Mukerji's "Gay Neck" (Dutton) has won the John Newbery Medal for "the most distinguished children's book of the past year. *John Newbery* was an eighteenth century publisher and bookseller, one of the first to give special attention to books for children. . . .

Payson and Clarke call our attention to *N. Ognyov's* "The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy." Of it *Arnold Bennett* has said, "I feel as if I had at last got some authentic news out of Bolshevik Russia. . . the book is simply all plums." It is out today, by the way. . . .

Joseph Auslander has in various stages of incompletion as many as five books, all of which will probably be ready this fall. They will include a new volume of poetry by him, a volume of translations from the Italian, a novel in verse, an anthology on the plan outlined in "The Winged Horse," and a mysterious volume concerning which even his publishers have not an inkling. . . .

From Chatto & Windus, 97 & 99 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2, comes the information that the longest and most notable of *Mr. Wyndham Lewis's* works is now to be brought out by them. It will be published in three sections; the first section will appear shortly and the second and third in the coming fall. It is a work of imaginative fiction entitled, "The Childermass." The title comes from the festival of Childermas-Day, or The Holy Innocents. The opening of Mr. Lewis's extraordinary work pictures the souls on the other side of Death, assembled, as it were, in concentration camps, to suffer judgment before being admitted into heaven. "Intellectual grasp, sardonic comedy, and apocalyptic grandeur," say the English publishers, are united in the progress of the work. *It sounds to us like a masterpiece*, and probably Harcourt will bring it out over here. We hope so, and soon. Meanwhile, from that firm, get the volume of Wyndham Lewis's short stories, entitled "The Wild Body," and published this year. . . .

C. E. Montague, for years chief editorial writer of the *Manchester Guardian*, whose retirement several years ago gave him the leisure to write some distinguished novels and short stories, died May 20th last of pneumonia. He was a great English stylist. In liberal journalism and in the wider field of literature he left his indelible mark. . . .

The Sacco-Vanzetti National League expects to publish in the fall a book containing a number of articles by well-known authorities in law, science, and philosophy, who will analyze the Lowell Report from various angles. The volumes will be edited by Professor *Karl Llewellyn* of the Columbia Law School. *Robert Morss Lovett* is chairman of the League's executive committee. The advisory committee contains such names as *Jane Addams, Clarence Darrow, John Dos Passos, Bishop Paul Jones, Joseph Wood Krutch, William Ellery Leonard, Horace Liveright, Eugene O'Neill, John Nevin Sayre, Vida D. Scudder, Upton Sinclair, Genevieve Taggard, Oswald Garrison Villard, Norman Thomas*, and *Mary E. Woolley*. . . .

We are delighted to see in *The Horn Book*, published four times a year by The Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston, an article on our old friend, *A. Hugh Fisher*, an English etcher and poet, a number of whose etchings now grace the walls of this our sanctum. The one we particularly adore is that of the carillon in Bruges belfry. The article is called "A. Hugh Fisher: A Comrade for Children," and is written by *Elizabeth M. Whitmore*. It is illustrated with reproductions of some of Fisher's work, the "Carcassonne" being particularly notable. Mrs. Whitmore conducts The Print Corner at Hingham. She has written a valuable monograph for amateur print collectors, entitled "Prints for the Layman, Their Use and Enjoyment in the Average Home." And the drawings and etchings of Mr. Fisher may be obtained through The Bookshop for Boys and Girls, Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 270 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts. An outlay of ten or fifteen dollars procures you something extremely fine. We'd not take ten times that sum for any of the portrait etchings we have around our Phoenixnest Bookcase, of *Sturge Moore, Gordon Bottomley, Lascelles Abercrombie*, and *Walter de la Mare*. . . .

Well, "Goodbye," as *Robert Frost* said to the orchard, "and keep cold!"

THE PHOENICIAN.

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Points of View

Mrs. Morrow's Lincoln

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

May I say a few words about a fairly recent book, Honoré Willsie Morrow's "Forever Free"?

It is most entertaining and especially interesting to one who was familiar with those scenes and persons so brilliantly delineated. But when it is put forth by the publisher, if not by the author, as "an authentic work with the historical figures true to fact and the pictures of the times faithfully drawn," I am impelled, indeed I may say compelled, to utter a protest.

Why, all through the book, does Mrs. Morrow have the characters addressing Mrs. Lincoln call her, "Madam President"? Surely no one of intelligence in the period of the story would so address her. I think Senator Charles Sumner,—elegant gentleman,—would "turn in his grave" at such a *faux pas* attributed to him. The President's wife has no official standing or title.

Willie Lincoln once said to my brother, "Bud Taft, why do you call Pa, Mr. President, but you don't call Ma, Mrs. President?" "Oh," said Bud, "it is not proper to call presidents by their names. Your mother is just Mrs. Lincoln, though the servants call her 'The Madam'." Willie and Tad Lincoln never, to my knowledge, called their parents by any name but Pa, pronounced "Paw," and "Maw" and I have heard them say it hundreds of times.

The boys never had any dogs of their own till 1862 and I never knew any dog to sleep in the house. They were at the stables. The Lincoln boys wore woollen suits like my two brothers, Bud and Hally Taft, only rather loose and ill-fitting. Our neighbors used to laugh at them. My youngest brother, Willie Taft, wore a blue velvet suit with brass buttons which Tad greatly admired. The last time I saw Tad was at a Saturday reception of Mrs. Lincoln's in 1865. Mrs. Lincoln greeted me affectionately, but when Tad saw me he flung himself to the floor in a group of ladies and screamed and kicked till he had to be taken out by the servants. Mrs. Lincoln said, "You must excuse him, Julia, you know what he remembers." I think at this time he was wearing a dark velvet suit.

It hurts me to read of Willie Lincoln dying in the arms of Mrs. Ford, "the divorced little rebel from Fairfax Court House," as I heard her called. My mother was at the White House the morning of February 20th. Willie was better, they thought. He knew Bud and held his hand. Willie died at five o'clock that afternoon. Would I not know if "Miss Ford," Confederate Spy, was in the Lincoln family? My mother knew Mrs. Rose Greenhow; I knew her little girl and wept when I heard Col. Baker had finally "got" Mrs. Greenhow. She was a dangerous spy. I think she is described in "Miss Ford."

Among minor inaccuracies might be mentioned that the leader of the Marine Band in 1861-2 was Sousa (father of the present Sousa), not "Seala." Mrs. Lincoln gave me Col. Ellsworth's Funeral March, and the dedication to her was signed "Sousa." Pink Phloe is not fragrant (P. 255). I cannot remember snow making "drifts" about Washington from 1860-61-62. There was very little snow.

From a few days after the inauguration to the death of Willie, my two brothers, Bud and Hally Taft, eleven and eight years old, were the constant playmates of the Lincoln boys. When Willie died, Mrs. Lincoln wrote to my mother asking her to "Keep Bud and Hally away from the White House, it makes me feel worse to see them." The President sent for Bud to see Willie before he was put in the casket. Bud had to be carried from the room and was ill for several days.

I read with tears Mrs. Morrow's understanding article in the *American Magazine* on "Lincoln, the most lied about man in the world." Evidently from patient study, she uprooted one after another the lies. Surely she would not wish to tack a few more on to the memory of Lincoln.

In writing this, what I have said I can stand by under oath. Things I am not absolutely sure about I do not mention.

JULIA TAFT BAYNE.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

(*Mrs. Bayne, then a girl of sixteen, spent much time in the White House during Lincoln's incumbency. Her brothers were constant companions of the Lincoln boys.*)

An Inquiry

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Is it important that the chronological structure of a story should hang together? Does it matter that the Bridge of San Luis Rey collapsed only once—at intervals of at least six years?

In my reading of this charming narrative, the stories of Doña María, Pepito, Esteban, Uncle Pio, and Don Jaime, the five who perished with the collapse of the Bridge, move forward in parallel grooves until page 186 is reached. On this page I read:

"Camila was about thirty when she left the stage and it required five years for her to achieve her place in society."

The pages between this and 194 state emphatically that the mother of Don Jaime, the protégée of Uncle Pio, refused even to visit the theatre as a patron, after she achieved social distinction. Then, on page 194, I read:

"Suddenly the news was all over Lima. Doña Micaela Villegas, the lady who used to be Camila the Perichole, had the small-pox."

Turning back to page 126, a few months—the statement is not clear—after the death of Manuel, when Esteban was distraught with grief, I read:

"One day he appeared at the door of the Perichole's dressing-room; he made as though to speak, gazed earnestly at her, and vanished."

Later, when Captain Alvarado engaged Esteban for the next voyage in foreign waters, this dialogue was recorded:

"When did Manuel die?"

"Oh, just a . . . just a few weeks. He hit his knee against something and . . . just a few weeks ago."

They both kept their eyes on the floor.

"How old are you, Esteban?"

"Twenty-two."

"Well, that's settled then, you're coming with me?"

Two days later, as recorded on page 139, "Esteban crossed by the bridge and fell with it."

This discrepancy has nothing to do with the "Bridge of Love," and it may be characteristic of eighteenth century Spanish fiction, which Thornton Wilder has imitated with compelling skill; but it did trouble me just a little. I wonder if the author can illuminate the seeming anachronism.

EMILY GRANT HUTCHINGS.

Brief Mention

(*Continued from page 956*)

made. Admiral Barker's experiences begin with Farragut at New Orleans and extend through the Spanish War to 1905. His autobiography is pleasantly written and good reading. It should have a place in our not too extensive naval literature. Experience of another kind is recorded in A. M. Jacobs's "Knights of the Wing" (Century: $2), a descriptive account of the airplane in use, with anecdotes of many famous flights and fliers.

War, but this time war as fiction sees it, is the theme of "Sergeant Eadie" (Doubleday, Doran: $2) by Leonard Nason, the author of "Chevrons." It is not so well-aimed as the latter book, but it is extremely good reading. Less good because a dangerous mixture of fact and seeming fiction is Theodore Roosevelt's "Rank and File" (Scribner's: $2.50), a series of narrative tributes to war heroes known to the author.

Finally to demolish the pile of books before us—a heterogeneous lot as we look over them heaped together—here for the reader who desires some first-hand acquaintance with philosophy are "The Works of Plato" (Simon & Schuster: $2.50), abridged and edited by Irwin Edman, and "The Works of Schopenhauer" (Simon & Schuster), edited by Will Durant. For the student of economics is Sir William Ashley's "The Bread of Our Forefathers" (Oxford University Press: $4.25), a scholarly study of the conflict between wheat and rye as the standard food of England, with interesting sidelights on history. The book begins with pre-Roman times. For the lover of the chase is Alfred Stoddart's "Dame Perkins and the Old Gray Mare" (Rudge), a good fox-chase ballad in the "John Gilpin" tradition, charmingly printed and still more charmingly illustrated by "Phiz."

And, to conclude, here is a volume by Ernest Greenwood, entitled "Aladdin, U. S. A." (Harpers: $2.50), which is a popular account of the extension of electric power throughout the country with chapters on regulation and politics. Not unsympathetic to private ownership!

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Your copy of "The Rise of the House of Rothschild" is waiting for you at the nearest bookstore.

THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

by Count Egon Caesar Corti

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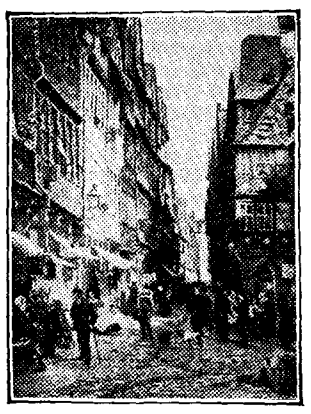


Ghetto

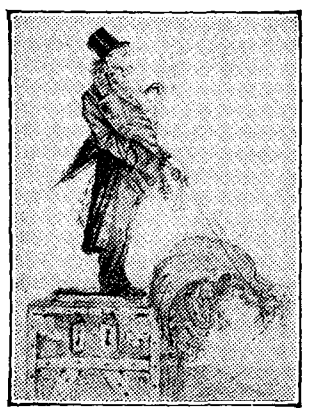
The Frankfort Ghetto, where the Jewish Rothschilds lived even when they were telling kings and prime ministers where to get off.

William

The Elector of Hesse's 41 illegitimate sons were reported involved in a conspiracy with the Rothschilds to overthrow Napoleon.

Pedler

Because they dealt in all types of merchandise the Rothschilds were lampooned as pedlers as shown in this cartoon.



Driving Europa

A cartoon of Meyer Amschel at a time when news of Rothschild participation in any enterprise made the public eager to invest.

Von Gentz

Frederick von Gentz, advisor to Prince Metternich, whom the Rothschilds casually hired as their press agent.

Louis Philippe

When this King and Emperor Francis were not on speaking terms, they kept up relations by gossiping to the Rothschilds.

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